The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1913.

The Week

President Wilson's decision to proceed with a currency bill at the extra session of Congress has much to commend it as bold political strategy. It is striking while Congress is hot. The President's prestige and influence are now great, and evidently it is his plan to throw them behind the movement to procure reform of our banking and currency laws at the earliest possible date. It is to be hoped that success will crown his courageous tactics. But everything will depend upon the bill itself. We ought not to make haste at the risk of stumbling. A bad or even a makeshift measure would be worse than further delay. It is a laudable ambition in the President to move forward swiftly with this important matter, with which the Republicans have only fumbled for years, but it is better to be slow than to be sorry. Everybody will eagerly await the publication of the terms of the bill. If they are not sound or satisfactory, they will certainly not appear to be of the nature of the king's business which requireth haste.

Whatever else the Senate does with the Tariff bill, it ought to strike out the section providing for a "discount of 5 per centum on all duties imposed by this Act . . . on such goods, wares, and merchandise as shall be imported in vessels admitted to registration under the laws of the United States." The Senate is, or ought to be, the special guardian of treaties, which it helps to make the supreme law of the land; and the provision cited is in flat violation of our treaties of commerce with several nations. The binding nature of these treaties is squarely admitted by the Tariff bill itself. In another section it provides for a discriminatory duty of 10 per cent. on goods imported in foreign vessels; but at once adds that this duty shall "not apply" in case those vessels are "entitled by treaty or convention or Act of Congress to be entered . . . on payment of the same duties" as those imposed on goods imported in ships of the United States. But some over-ingenious person seems to have imagined that there is a difference between a discriminating duty on foreign ships and a "discount" in favor of American ships. It appears to have been thought that the treaties provided merely against the former. It is obvious, however, that the two things are logically the same. Moreover, the treaties shut out any such verbal distinction. For example, our treaty with Great Britain stipulates that "the *same* duties" shall be paid on goods in British vessels as in American. The trick of saying "discount" instead of "discriminatory duty" is clearly ruled out by that. This the Senate must easily see. It should without ado strike out the treaty-violating section.

The President's nomination of Mr. John Purroy Mitchel ends the long deadlock over the New York Collectorship. Although Mr. Mitchel does not stand so high in public estimation as before the final struggle over the subways, few will deny that he has rendered services of solid merit to the city. His presence on the Board of Estimate has been of great value on more occasions than one, when he, Mr. McAneny, and Mr. Prendergast, voting together, insured many of the notable advances of the city government during the last three and a half years. Nobody has dared to impugn his honesty of purpose, and nobody ought to forget his admirable service, notably in the cleaning up of Coney Island during the brief period when he was acting Mayor. His administrative and investigating experience as Commissioner of Accounts will stand him in good stead in the Custom House, where we expect to see him make a good record. As for the politics of it, Senator O'Gorman claims a personal victory. Tammany is reported disgusted; but the disgust is not created, we are sure, by the thought that this probably removes Mitchel from the Mayoralty contest. Best of all, however, is the fact that Tammany still finds itself unable to point to a single nomination to office by Mr. Wilson as proof that he has "recognized" it.

When some of the four thousand other bills that have been introduced in the California Legislature are examined, the one aimed at the Japanese ceases to look so queer. One begins: "To eat, to work, and to be recompensed for enforced idleness is hereby declared to be the inalienable right of every man, woman, and child in this State." It ends by conferring upon the Governor authority to appoint a "citizen of this State to be designated as the Commissioner for the Abolishment of Poverty." On its face, this benevolent measure applies to aliens ineligible for citizenship along with the rest of the inhabitants, but there must be enough patriotism at Sacramento to obtain an amendment that will exclude all such persons. Endless State boards are proposed, including one to examine and certify all candidates for the profession of barber, and another to do the same for "chiropractors." One member was goaded into remarking that the Legislature was attempting to regulate everything but the birth-rate. He must be a reactionary. What is wrong with a bill giving school boards power to regulate the dress of school children, and to establish uniforms for them? Or one to create the office of Bee Commissioner, to care for the State's bees? Or another making it a misdemeanor to keep any bird in a cage less than three feet square? Or one providing that soldiers who do not like the fare at the Veterans' Home may have a pension and live where they please? Was Armageddon fought and won—in spots—for nothing?

Inadequacy of census returns is brought home by their treatment of Indiana. The leading products of that State are books and politicians, but the enumerators say almost nothing about either of them. Yet what literature, in the person of Meredith Nicholson, is saying about politics, as represented by certain Democratic leaders, is more entertaining than a library of statistics. "The beer," declares this author, "must be squeezed out of the Democratic party in Indiana before it can measure up to the national standard. The two most pernicious figures in Indiana politics," he continues, "have been the sinister and atrabilious Crawford Fairbanks and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the ingratiating and oleaginous Stephen Fleming." A more noted personage receives this characterization: "Mr. Taggart is the most interesting, the most puzzling, and the most maddening of Hoosier mortals. He is as unaccountable as he is winning and charming." Mr. Nicholson refuses to believe that the winning but maddening Taggart has any real interest in the election of the Fairbanks candidate for Mayor of Indianapolis, despite his public appeals. However this may be, the literary man's entry into the campaign ought to increase enormously the difficulties of Mr. Bell's nomination. Hoosiers respect a man who can write books.

. Secretary Bryan's speech at the dinner of the peace conferrees on Friday evening contained a fuller explanation than he had before given of his plans to prevent war. He speaks of them, not as his own plans, but as those of President Wilson; indeed, the idea underlying them has often been put forward. It is, in brief, that all nations shall bind themselves by treaty never to begin hostilities without first having taken time and provided the machinery for an impartial inquiry into the merits of any international controversy threatening war. What is sought is a breathing-space, during which inflamed passions may subside. This seems an obvious and rational method, but many have smiled at it, in a superior way, as fanciful. They refer to it as one of those happy thoughts of the novice which old hands will at once dismiss as impracticable. But the said old hands should not overlook the very favorable reception which Mr. Bryan's proposals have received, abroad as well as at home. Both private and official opinion in Europe has given him wide endorsement.

A Brazilian Government loan of £11,000,000, offered last week to the English investment public on what were relatively very inviting terms, failed to attract subscribers. Although bearing the interest rate of 5 per cent. and offered at the price of 97, only one-tenth of the bonds were taken by outside investors, the balance being left on the hands of the underwriting bankers, among whom were the Rothschilds. The Brazilian bonds were perhaps not the very highest grade of securities, and the loan was large; but the incident followed another in which £2,500,000 4 per cent. bonds of the Southern Mahratta Railway, guaranteed principal and interest by the Indian Government and therefore an absolutely safe investment, similarly attracted only 10 per cent. in public subscriptions. It brought to mind the offer in our own market, a month ago, of $30,000,000 4½ per cent. bonds of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway at 99½, which resulted in the taking of only some $24,000,000 by investors. Furthermore, it directed great interest and conjecture to the forthcoming application by the Chinese Government, on the various European money markets, for £25,000,000, and to New York city's offer, on Tuesday of next week, of $45,000,000 new bonds bearing 4½ per cent.

There have been various explanations for this seeming reluctance of the investing public, in this country and in others, to subscribe to such new securities. There are those who believe that the average rate of return on invested capital has permanently risen, in response to well-known economic influences, and that the present market is merely going through a process of adjustment to the new conditions—a process which had been postponed by the recent prevalent recourse to temporary and short-term borrowings. On the other hand, an equally strong consensus of financial opinion holds that governing circumstances in the money markets of the day are altogether peculiar and are not permanent in character. This argument is based on the fact that Europe's investment markets have, through fear of a possible general war, reproduced all the economic symptoms which would have accompanied the war itself. Nations like France and Germany are planning to impose for military purposes, through taxation or new public loans, almost as heavy a burden on capital as would have followed outbreak of hostilities. Meantime, the people of the Continent, either through fear of war or through anticipation of these loans, are still hoarding actual money on a scale perhaps never previously witnessed in our time. With the intimate relations prevailing between the different parts of the modern financial world, such a state of things in Europe inevitably affects the American market also—both because we are thereby cut off from the accustomed participation of Europe in the purchase of our own new securities, and because our home bank resources are actually drawn upon to help out the foreign money centres.

Is the work of extirpating tuberculosis a task primarily for the physician or for the social reformer? A debate on this highly interesting question is summarized by a dispatch from Washington. Dr. W. C. White, medical director of the Tuberculosis League of Pittsburgh, maintained that the chief burden lay with the scientist. The social reformer's activity must be confined to effecting an improvement in housing conditions and food standards, highly important factors no doubt, but by no means the sole factors. Unless we assume that tuberculosis is entirely a disease of poverty, we must still look to the physician for a study of the pathologic elements of the disease—"immunity, heredity, chemistry of lung and tubercle, bacillus, cure, food values, etc." That this is the point of view not only of the man in the street, but of the great body of scientists, is evidenced by the extraordinary interest always aroused by the announcement of the discovery of a "cure" for tuberculosis. Dr. Friedmann may turn out to be all that his opponents think he is. The work of Robert Koch did not realize sanguine expectations. Nevertheless, science is far from denying the possibility of a cure. The search for a remedy is everywhere carried on with unflagging zeal.

Prof. John R. Commons upheld the sociologist's side of the argument. He said:

> Compare a Board of Health with a Bureau of Labor. When a Board of Health determines that smallpox or diphtheria is afloat, it rides over each property right and personal right of the individual. It marks off a dead line of quarantine. It becomes policemen, calls out the militia, declares martial law, sets aside the Fourteenth Amendment. But when a Bureau of Labor finds tuberculosis in a factory or tenement, it comes dead against the vested rights of the owner, the poverty of the occupant, and the Federal Constitution.

And then he went on to suppose the creation of an all-powerful Government bureau for combating tuberculosis, that would "have to go into every home, factory, hospital, and public building," that "would have to touch every prop-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

erty and personal interest of the people." The implication is that a Government bureau so empowered would be able to deal successfully with the problem. But what Professor Commons overlooks is that society does not refuse to confer such powers on a public department as soon as it is convinced that their use would show a balance of good achieved over cost. Property interests are not allowed to stand in the way of combating diphtheria and smallpox as soon as there is a clear-cut method of doing it. Let a tuberculosis "cure" be discovered; let it then appear that the specific alone cannot wipe out the white plague, but that social action is essential, and Professor Commons will see the Board of Health or of Labor receiving a free hand in dealing with property interests inimical to the public health.

People may talk scornfully of politicians, but what could we do without them when it came to planning a hall of fame? More than five thousand students and alumni of the University of Wisconsin have been voting upon names of distinguished graduates whose portraits are to be hung where they may inspire others to great achievement. Five of the nineteen chosen are Senators La Follette and Clapp, Gov. McGovern, and ex-Senators Vilas and Spooner. Another is the new Commissioner of Corporations. Literature accounts for half a dozen names also, if under this head may be put the first editor of the *Wisconsin Magazine*, one college journalist, "known for his fight for clean athletics in colleges," and one "orator and dramatist." Indeed, if we reckon in university debating, literature forges ahead of politics. This leaves only three places for athletes, two for physicians, and one for educators—the latter, of course, held by President Van Hise. Wisconsin lawyers of hall-of-fame fame are as scarce as clergymen, inventors, and social workers. The much-heralded relation between this University and the State is thus once more demonstrated.

The Century of the Child is coming on apace. Public school children are on strike in Pittsburgh, in New York, in Boston. A new I. W. W. is among the possibilities of the future—the Infant Workers of the World. The movement was bound to come. In an age that has no interest in the Past, a mere toleration for the Present, and concentrates on the Future, the balance of power must inevitably shift to the only class in the community that is Futurist by definition. It is the final step in a long process of development. Gradually the American parent has transferred his duties and his responsibilities to the schoolmaster. Now that the schools are breaking down, what is there left but for the children to take their fortunes into their own hands? Here and there we find a reassertion of standpat parenthood. The slipper and the palm of the hand are again called upon to assume their ancient regulative functions. But we fear that this is too late. Having tasted of power, the young can never again be expected to remain satisfied with marbles and ring-around-the-rosy. The children are in revolt. Like their elders, they may not know just where they are going, but they are on their way.

The dedication of the Schurz monument in this city adds a rare work of art to the city's treasures. Created by the talent of Karl Bitter, the statue obtains especial significance as the gift of citizens in many parts of the country, who felt impelled to place an enduring memorial to the services of a singularly unselfish and devoted patriot. And it is both natural and proper that Saturday's ceremonies should have emphasized Schurz the German-American. The German Ambassador felicitously quoted Bismarck's saying that, as a German, he was proud of Schurz. We cannot but feel, however, that as time goes on this phase of the man will play a smaller part, precisely as the fact that Albert Gallatin was a foreign-born citizen has been less noted as the decades that separate us from his period of our history have slipped by. Schurz's preeminence as an orator who could speak with equal facility in German and in English, as well as the distinction of his career, made our German-born citizens emphasize their claims upon him whenever opportunity offered. But to study his career is not to feel that he was merely a spokesman of a single element in our citizenship, however useful and valuable that element was. Nor is there the slightest evidence that, after he had really become familiarized with American institutions and our political life, he considered the nation's problems from any other point of view than the American. No immigrant to this republic ever brought greater enthusiasm for it with him or retained that enthusiasm more fervently until the end of his life than Carl Schurz.

In a letter to the directors of the General Electric Company, a stockholder, who is reputed to be a Socialist, asked this question, among others:

> Do you agree with medical and social investigators that overtime and night work are harmful, and therefore interfere with the free pursuit of happiness as defined by the Constitution?

It would be interesting to know where in the Constitution that definition is to be found. But this writer is by no means alone in mixing up the Declaration of Independence with the Constitution. That has more than once been done on the floor of Congress. The framers of the Constitution were far too wise to imagine that "happiness," or even its pursuit, was to be announced as their aim in founding a new Government. What they put to the front was union, justice, domestic tranquillity, general welfare, and the blessings of liberty. Those obtained or striven for might or might not result in happiness, but if it is impossible to make men virtuous by legislation, it is folly to think to make them happy by a Constitution.

Exaggerated rumors of a crisis in our relations with Mexico seem to have small foundation in fact. The Mexican Provisional President would doubtless be pleased to get, in full recognition by the United States, a quasi-sanction for the violence by which he climbed to temporary power, but there is no good reason why he should at present have it. Huerta is, of course, recognized by our Government *de facto*. He is at the head of the only Government in Mexico with which we or other nations can do business. That is sufficient for all immediate purposes. To commit ourselves to full acquiescence in the new régime in Mexico might be an embarrassment, since its stability is by no means assured. The conviction is spreading in Mexico and elsewhere that Gen. Huerta's occupancy of the National Palace will not be prolonged.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOPES BUILT ON A "REACTION."

A chorus of predictions is heard that the enactment of the Tariff bill into law is sure to be followed by a severe political reaction against the party in power. The Republicans in the House freely indulged in the taunt that the Democrats were rushing to their doom. "Yes, you have the votes and can pass the bill, but we warn you that you are only preparing disaster for the country and defeat for yourselves." They might have added that they had known how it was themselves. The McKinley bill of 1890 emptied scores of Republican seats in the House. What the Payne-Aldrich bill of 1909 did to the Republican party, it would be only a renewal of grief to recite. If no such bad luck followed the Dingley bill of 1897, that may have been due to powerful causes operating against the Democratic party at that time—for example, the Bryan currency folly and the Spanish war. With political reaction the general rule, after the passage of a tariff law, why should it not be counted upon as a certainty in the near political future?

We freely admit that it may be looked for. It will not necessarily be traceable to the tariff. All parties newly come to power are subject to the universal law of diminished strength. We invent phrases to explain it—"the swing of the pendulum," and so on—but we all know what the fact is. Party enthusiasm wanes. Dissatisfaction and cliques appear. The country turns its attention to other measures. The Opposition pluck up fresh courage and put forth new energy. The Administration forces tend to crumble. This is the fate which comes to all parties, in their turn, and there is no reason to suppose that the Democrats will escape it. Probably no man less expects that they will than President Wilson. He knows perfectly that even laws which the people demand seldom meet the hopes entertained of them; and that, in any event, popular restlessness, democratic fickleness, the law of change, make against a President or a party in office.

The exact part played by the new tariff in the expected "reaction" will be hard enough to make out even with the facts before us; in advance, no one can be sure. All may be sure, however, that the tariff will be charged with every business misfortune that may occur, in spite of its having nothing to do with it. And it is also certain that if the country should continue to enjoy prosperity, the assertion would be roundly made by protectionists that this is due entirely to other causes. To the scientifically minded and non-partisan student of economics, the great point of interest will be whether the large tendencies at present making business good all over the world—tendencies to which the British Chancellor of the Exchequer referred in his budget speech, and on the strength of which he decided to levy no new taxes—will persist for two or three years to come. If they do, we shall not hear so much, after the event, as we are now hearing before it, about the new tariff prostrating American industry.

Politically, the calamity which the Republicans are confidently forecasting is bound also, they think, to make themselves and the Progressives brothers again. A common disaster is to cause them to fall upon one another's necks—and this time without a knife thrust into the back. Mr. Taft is quoted as being very hopeful that the evil consequences of the Democratic tariff will heal the breach in the Republican party. The Chairman of the National Committee, Mr. Hilles, is stirring; and a conference of Progressive Republicans who refused to be drawn after Roosevelt last year is shortly to be held in Chicago to discuss ways and means of reuniting the party. The "get-together" cry is sounded by many Republican newspapers, in various States, as well as by Mr. Munsey and Dan Hanna, both "angels" of the Progressive party.

It might seem a queer thing to expect the tariff to restore harmony between Republicans and Progressives. The tariff was the rock on which they originally split. The fight of dissenting Republican Senators upon the Payne-Aldrich bill, and their stubborn refusal to vote for it, foreshadowed the larger and more angry division later. If the tariff tore the factions asunder, how can it now join them together? Ah, but that was their own tariff. This is the other party's. They may not be able to agree upon what they would support, but they are heartily in unison as to what they will attack. Such is the theory: the tariff, being passed by the Democrats, is necessarily bad; it will cause distress if not panics; then will follow political upheavals, and of those, we, the Progressives and Republicans, must take advantage in order to make common cause again, and, incidentally, to get back some of the offices. It will certainly be instructive to see how this works out.

THE INCOME-TAX TANGLE.

The income-tax section of the Tariff bill has been adopted by the House with but little change from its original form. Outside the House, it has been subjected to much criticism; but the scheme of taxation which it institutes has met with strikingly little opposition. Although the $4,000 exemption is regarded by many as a serious defect, and although it is realized that a graduated income tax is a new departure in the fiscal policy of the country, it is plain that both these features are accepted by the nation as a whole, including the wealthy classes. Criticism has been directed not against the purpose of the framers of the bill, but against the form in which it has been cast. The defects complained of are of two kinds—one having reference to the draughtsmanship as such, the other to difficulties and objections involved in the requirements of the bill, apart from any question of obscurity or ambiguity. The bill now goes to the Senate. Upon that body will devolve the task of correcting these faults so far as possible. What can be done about the substantive difficulties in the case can only be determined by most painstaking inquiry; but as to the form of the bill, it is just as well to say quite plainly that the only way to make it satisfactory is to recast it altogether.

In presenting the income-tax section to the House, Mr. Hull said:

> Instead of comprising 100 or more pages, containing in detail all the methods of administration, such as European and other laws present, this measure briefly but succinctly prescribes each essential rule and method with respect to the levy, assessment, and collection of the tax, and leaves to be embraced in the regulations to be prepared by the Secretary of the Treasury the manner and details of carrying out the provisions of the law. These regulations will make clear to the taxpayer the scope and application of each feature of the law with respect to every class of taxpayers and business.

Within certain limits this method is quite justifiable. But "each essential rule and method" should be so laid down that there can be no mistake about its

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

intent on the part of competent persons. Yet in regard to some of the most important of these rules and methods there has arisen great difference of opinion among persons of high expert qualifications and evidently sincere in their desire to get at the meaning of the bill. This is due, we believe, mainly to the extremely involved sentences and paragraphs; matter which an expert bill-drafter could have put in a succession of straightforward sentences dealing incisively with separate points is jumbled together in a tangle of heterogeneous elements. But the trouble is due not wholly to awkwardness of expression, but also in part to want of a clear perception of the matter dealt with.

Throughout the bill there is an attempt so far as possible to "collect at the source" and at the same time to respect the $4,000 exemption. In the case of income derived from interest on corporation bonds it is virtually impossible to combine these two purposes. Accordingly, the bill, as Mr. Hull states in his speech, "requires the tax to be withheld from income derived from interest upon corporate and United States bonds and other indebtedness, even though the income does not exceed $4,000." Yet on the one hand counsel for the Investment Bankers' Association of America, in a brief to the Senate Committee on Finance, say that the language of the bill "seems to us on careful reading to be entirely insufficient for this purpose"; and on the other hand those who do not challenge the interpretation of the language point out difficulties amounting virtually to impossibility in its application. With the question how the engagement of corporations to pay all taxes levied on the principal or interest of their bonds would operate, the framers of the bill do not seem to have grappled at all; and, waiving this point, the question of how the exemption could be made good in the case of coupon bonds obviously thrusts itself forward. Confronted with this upon the occasion of his speech the other day, Mr. Hull floundered hopelessly.

Similar doubts and similar difficulties beset the question of withholding at the source the tax on incomes derived from rents. Here, to be sure, the withholding takes place only in the case of annual rents amounting to $4,000 or more. But owing to the extraordinary way in which a sudden turn of language in the bill is introduced, the question whether or not the bill virtually compels the lessor to disclose to the lessee the particulars of his income appears to be a wide-open one. Mr. Sherley, of Kentucky, who is one of the ablest men in the House, made an energetic effort to find out the true state of the case from Mr. Hull, but the result was far from satisfying. Nor is this doubt the only trouble connected with the matter. The difficulties and risks to which the owner would apparently be exposed through the withholding by tenants of a tax reckoned on the face of the rent have been set forth in a report drawn by the law committee of the Allied Real Estate Interests in this city, and the suggestion is made that "the interests of the Government would be better served if, instead of requiring the income to be reserved at the source, the law required merely that the source shall apprise the Government of the amount of income which it pays its creditor and then require the taxable person to make report which can be checked up with the information received from the debtors." It should be noted that, whatever the merits or defects of this suggestion, the adoption of it would have the advantage that the aid given to the Government by this information would not need to be confined to the case of rents of $4,000 and above, but might extend to all rents, or all above an arbitrarily chosen limit.

However the bill may be improved, there will necessarily be imperfections in its operation and difficulties in its execution. But these imperfections and difficulties should not be permitted to arise at haphazard, but should be the subject of the most painstaking and expert consideration, with a view to reducing them to a minimum. An even more elementary requirement is that the bill be so drawn that the manner of its operation shall be clear. Neither of these requirements has thus far been met. We have given but a slight intimation of the faults which a study of the bill discloses. To remove them, nothing short of a thorough redrafting by the Senate committee will suffice.

IS MANKIND IMPROVING?

Sharer with Darwin in the creation of the doctrine of natural selection, and preserving in extreme old age, with apparently no diminution, the intellectual vigor and the power of forcible expression which characterized him in his prime, it was natural that Alfred Russel Wallace, on the advent of his ninetieth birthday, should be approached by many interviewers, asking him for some message to the world. The message he gave to one of these journalists related to no less a question than that of his estimate of the whole moral and intellectual condition of mankind in the present day, as compared with past ages. And its essential purport was contained in a single sentence. "I have come to the general conclusion," he said, "that there has been no advance either in intellect or morals from the days of the earliest Egyptians to the keel-laying of the latest Dreadnought."

That this was no random utterance was evident enough. In point of fact, he was at the time engaged upon a book, "Social Environment and Moral Progress," which has now been issued, and which maintains the thesis then announced, and more. To attempt to appraise its pronouncements on past and present, and its proposals for the future, would be to pass judgment on all the deepest questions of life and society, of economics and ethics. But the book, like the interview before it, is sure to attract widespread interest; and it seems worth while, therefore, to analyze the significance of his chief proposition and to examine the character of his argument.

In the first place, then, the assertion itself does not mean what many doubtless will take it to mean. When Mr. Wallace speaks of morality not having improved, he refers to no objective standard, but to those "inherent and unchangeable" qualities that constitute what is truly "character," as distinguished from the external acts which we may perform, or from which we may refrain, out of regard to the demands of the society around us, and for the sake perhaps of winning praise or honor or worldly advancement. But with this understanding, we imagine that there are few thinking people who will be greatly startled to hear that morality has made no advance. Not many of us

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are in the habit of pluming ourselves on being intrinsically better than our ancestors; we do not flatter ourselves that we are firmer in adhering to the standards of to-day than they to those of their own time and place. If to the red Indian the torture of an enemy is to be imputed as a virtue, if to the account of the mediæval soldier burning and pillage and rape are to be charged as the mere exercise of passions nobody expected to be held in check, if the barbarities of the slave trade are not to be accounted as having been morally worse two hundred years ago than are such evils as happen to-day to excite a corresponding degree of reprobation, and so on all along the line, then most of us will be quite prepared to admit that the world has not progressed morally. From the dawn of history, and before, there were manifested probably just about the same varying degrees of devotion to whatever were the accepted standards and ideals of the time and place, as are witnessed in our own day.

Dr. Wallace's arraignment of existing conditions is, however, by no means confined to the maintenance of this comprehensive but negative thesis. He pours forth denunciation after denunciation, with the fervor and scorn at once of a prophet speaking to a godless generation and of a man of science addressing an unthinking and ignorant world. He goes far beyond the assertion that the world is no better; again and again he declares that it is worse—and worse, too, in no refined meaning of the word, but in its simplest and crudest significance. "It is not too much to say," he declares near the end of the book, "that our whole system of society is rotten from top to bottom, and the Social Environment as a whole, in relation to our possibilities and our claims, is the worst that the world has ever seen." But it is difficult to combine the rôle of the flaming prophet with that of the scientific seeker after truth. If any one wishes to be reminded of the evils that exist in our society, and of our moral shortcomings in dealing with them, he can find them set forth powerfully in Dr. Wallace's pages; but, incredible as it may seem, there is hardly so much as the pretence of an attempt at comparison with the past. It is almost as though one were to find out the dark places of a single city, and, not content with indignation and rebuke, incontinently declare that one has proved this city to be the wickedest and most depraved "the world has ever seen."

The single place in which any serious attempt at comparison is made is in the chapter entitled Indications of Increasing Moral Degradation. How inadequate the statistics cited by Dr. Wallace are to the proving of what he alleges we cannot here undertake to show. But it is instructive to point out one cardinal defect. This may be indicated by taking that one of his three instances which he makes most prominent—the increase of deaths from alcoholism. The figures are very irregular, but let it be granted that they show, in the past half century, an increase from 40 deaths annually per million inhabitants to 65 deaths per million. Dr. Wallace himself admits that the showing is surprising, since "the drinking habit has certainly diminished"; and he proceeds to account for it in various more or less ingenious ways. But there is one way that does not occur to him, and which yet may be the true explanation. Everybody knows that the mean duration of life has been greatly increased during the half century. Is it not at least possible—nay, is it not, in the absence of evidence, highly probable—that these 25 additional drunkards per million who die nowadays of "alcoholism" used to be carried off by all sorts of diseases before they had had time to drink themselves to death? The eyes, as Carlyle said, see what they bring with them the power of seeing; and a passionate desire to find a foregone conclusion may deprive of all efficiency, as an instrument for the ascertainment of the truth, even so fine a mind as that of Alfred Russel Wallace.

THE FLOOD PROBLEM.

The horror with which the news of the floods in Ohio was received was mingled from the beginning with wonder. How could a calamity of such extent happen in this country? Why was there not provision against it in places where it was likely to occur? As the reports from the stricken sections made it more and more clear that the early estimates of the destruction of life and of property were exaggerated, wonder became the dominant emotion, coupled with a determination that all that the wit of man could do should be done to make a recurrence of the disaster impossible. The first step was obviously knowledge of the facts. Just what were the conditions responsible for the overwhelming sheet of water that swept down with such rapidity? How far were our theories of flood prevention tenable? The unusual nature of the catastrophe compelled a reëxamination of the whole question.

Well, it has been reëxamined, and various conclusions have been put forth by authorities of varying weight. An army engineer who went to Ohio at once and made a survey of that part of the Scioto which flows through Columbus, decided that the thing needed was a widening of the channel of the river. He was not impressed with rival suggestions of a system of reservoirs and the construction of a new channel. The river, in his words, was "crowded to death" by the bridges over it, which were too short to be out of the way of the current, and had embankments that formed dams and thus turned a vast stream unnecessarily against the levees. By an interesting coincidence, the National Drainage Congress was scheduled to meet at St. Louis while the happenings in the Ohio Valley were fresh in mind. The divergences in opinion at this gathering are the best commentary upon the state of our knowledge of the causes and remedies of floods. Uncompromising advocates of reforestation as a means of holding back the flood waters at or near their source were faced by unyielding supporters of levees along the lower waters. The hopelessness of arriving at an agreement gave added impetus to the proposal for the creation of a Department of Public Works, whose Secretary should have a seat in the Cabinet. A resolution to this effect was passed, but meanwhile President Wilson and his associates were approving the plan submitted by Secretary Garrison for a commission of engineers to survey the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, to determine the cause and to devise methods for the prevention of floods in those valleys.

The report of this commission will naturally be looked forward to as giving the signal for the Government to follow. But it is not without suggestiveness that one finds an approach to unanimity of opinion on the part of two

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

men, one a former chief of the Forestry Service, the other a member of it now. Mr. Pinchot's and Mr. Reynolds's analyses of the situation are striking not so much for their similarity as because they differ from the mass at least of other presentations of the case in consisting, not of a single remedy merely, but of all three of the plans that ordinarily are offered separately. Mr. Reynolds, in an article in *American Forestry*, words them as follows:

> First, to straighten, deepen, and widen the river channels in order to promote rapid discharge, which will lower the peak of a flood.
>
> Second, to build storage reservoirs, which can be filled at high water and drained successively as the river channels are able to carry the flood waters.
>
> Third, to reforest suitable non-agricultural areas, covering as large an area as possible of the drainage basin, particularly on the sources and along the streams.

No one of these methods alone, he insists, can be sufficient. Heretofore we have relied upon improving the channels and protecting the banks by levees. This plan has repeatedly proved its inadequacy, the trouble with it being that the works have to be increased continually to keep pace with the increasing floods, and for this the expense alone would be prohibitive.

The centre of the fight among flood diagnosticians is the question of reforestation. There are those who say flatly, with an anonymous writer in the *Scientific American:* "No competent student of the subject now looks upon the forest as a factor of prime importance." Opposed to them are the experts of the Geological Survey and the Forest Service, who pronounce the opposite verdict: "A direct relation exists between forest cover and stream regulation." The sufferer from floods can hardly fail to be impressed with the wisdom of giving himself and his family and friends the benefit of the doubt, especially when reforestation does not interfere with other preventive measures, and is not urged as all-sufficient. The contention is that reforestation would so reduce the speed and diminish the volume of the "run-off" under all but the most extraordinary flood conditions that the levees could be smaller, and the channel improvements and reservoirs less extensive, than they must otherwise be. Even so, we cannot aim absolutely at flood prevention, but only at flood protection. As Mr. Reynolds says: "No conceivable forest upon the watershed could have completely prevented a flood under the extraordinary conditions of rainfall on this occasion."

ASKING STUDENTS TO DECIDE.

In accordance with a plan adopted a few years ago, the Harvard *Illustrated Magazine*, a journal loosely connected with the college, requests every member of the Senior class to state which undergraduate courses he regards as the most satisfactory. The replies will be made public at Commencement. In the past, the method has not proved very illuminating. The choice was never overwhelmingly in favor of any one course. The courses largely attended naturally received a large number of votes. A vote in the Senior year has revealed little more than could have been dug out of records at the college office. This year, "in order to obtain a fairer test of the permanent value of the courses," the *Magazine* has made similar requests of a class now fifteen years out of college. That the opinions of men in the neighborhood of thirty-six or seven, looking back upon their undergraduate work, are of no value, few would assert. The answers to one question, for example, might be of genuine service. It reads: Did the course best liked "have practical value, or was its effect intellectually stimulating"? If this should rally opinion to the standard of the intangibly useful, and away from the advocates of immediate utility, it would be cause for rejoicing.

This undertaking apparently grows out of a desire to institute a referendum on the curriculum. Though it is carried on without the coöperation of the college authorities, it can hardly fail to have its effect on certain members of the faculty whose reputation is not yet established. The results of the vote are published in the Boston newspapers, and take on the nature of a triumph for the instructor who stands well with his students. To do so, a teacher must often popularize his lectures, and not require much sturdy thinking. He can avoid the appearance of giving a "snap" course by a brave show of collateral reading. But he must be entertaining and to a certain extent adopt the kindergarten method of transforming work into play. Young gentlemen whose time is so much taken up by the outside labors of athletics, clubs, and college periodicals require, to be happy, no small amount of relaxation in the lecture-room. We do not say that there is very considerable yielding to this, not always tacit, demand. Yet at Harvard, as at other large universities, it is well known that the evil does exist; and nothing could serve better to foster it than this ballot which year after year is put in the hands of Seniors.

In point of fact students are far less competent to decide what is good for them than the college authorities. The student body is not different from the world at large, save in the matter of years. It catches up every new fad and unthinkingly lusts for the privilege of controlling its own destiny. In after years it may see the folly of its demands; it is almost sure to appreciate the wisdom of a benevolent tyranny, if a faculty has the courage to maintain one. Here is a problem which has been pressing for a decade or two and which some feel might be solved, or greatly simplified, by concerted action on the part of those in control. How shall the "main show" compete with the "side-shows"—scholastic interests flourish alongside of the craze for athletics? A strict supervision of games is only half of the matter; there remains the question of exalting intellectual prowess. At Cambridge, one evening a year has been set aside, when faculty and students foregather to applaud those who have achieved academic distinction. To not a few the practice has not seemed to be wholly sincere on the part of all present, and even has had the appearance of copying the undergraduates' habit of collecting in a crowd to cheer the "team." Scholarship can never hope to obtain the same manner of approval as that which is accorded to athletics. The boy who has received high grades in his work is not necessarily despised if onlookers are silent.

Not applause for one day a year is needed to restore scholarship to the place where it belongs, but an every-day insistence by the teachers that their intercourse with the students shall rest firmly on an intellectual basis. The former have a student's standing among his fellows much more within their power than is seemingly recognized. If undergraduates are growing more and more worldly in their standards, instruc-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tors, too, have tended in that direction. Among certain of them the fact that members of their classes are prominent socially is manifestly a source of gratification. It is pleasant to be "elected" by boys who are eligible to high position in the world at large. But to a much greater extent than it exists to-day an intellectual aristocracy could be built up in colleges if faculties in their personal dealings with students gave it first place. It is this possibility, indeed, this necessity, which makes such a referendum as that referred to seem rather impertinent.

THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY.

In her latest novel Mrs. Wharton is concerned with a type of American womanhood which might be described as one of the stock figures of the newer fiction, if it were not for the consideration that Mrs. Wharton's Undine Spragg is not a stock figure at all, but is very much alive. The fact that the spending American woman is always turning up in our literature must be taken as a sign that she is to be found in life. Robert Herrick is apparently of the opinion that there is no other kind of woman, if one is to judge from the way she haunts his books. His latest novel is concerned with very much the same type as Undine, allowing for geographical and minor social differences. The fierce determination to "get on" in society; the passion for enjoyment which is more correctly to be described as excitement; the utter lack of concern for the father or husband who finances the process of getting on; and the lack of interest in the sources from which the supporting male procures the sinews of war—these are familiar traits which do not grow stale through repetition. That men shall earn and women shall spend, without intruding upon each other's territory, is the custom of the country as Mrs. Wharton defines it. For the husband to confide his business troubles to his wife would be almost as odd as for the wife to make her husband a repository of her troubles with the dressmaker. It is a division of functions which we have apparently developed to an unrivalled state of perfection.

The custom of the country is, at first sight, all the harder to explain when one considers that, as compared with the firmly established traditions of Europe, we are still a pioneer people. A generation ago we were a pioneer nation in a very real sense. The West, that region from which come the passionate pilgrims of "society" who make the Fifth Avenue shops very much what they are, was then coming under subjection to a race of hard-working Americans whose wives toiled quite as hard and spent quite as little as their husbands. The rigors of pioneer life fall more painfully upon the woman than upon the man. The unending household toil; the bearing of children, as children are born to-day in the new country of the Canadian West, where physicians are scarce and not particularly skilled; the rearing of children under conditions that would make the modern advocate of child-culture stand aghast, are part of the enormous task of motherhood in regions where man is still at close grips with his environment. This was true of the pioneer in the Middle West, as it was true two centuries ago of New England, whose civilization was built up at an enormous expenditure of women's lives. Mere man, for all his natural arrogance, would be the last to deny the equal share taken by his women-folk in the conquest of a continent and the upbuilding of a nation.

If, after a generation, we find that there has been a marked change in the distribution of economic functions; if the daughters of the women who peopled and helped to tame the West have assumed the exclusive function of spenders, leaving it to their brothers to carry on the business of wealth production, the reason is to be found in our rapid emergence from the pioneer stage. The function of distributing money is not altogether assumed by the American woman; it is conferred on her by the male as compensation for what she has suffered and achieved in the past. The sense of protection, of chivalry—if one may use the term so hateful to the emancipated woman—has no opportunity to express itself when the struggle for existence is so bitter as to call for unremitting labor by every one in the family. When economic pressure relaxes it is natural that the women of the family should be the first to feel the relief. This sense of obligation for past services and past hardships may not be consciously present to the mind of the American man. He does not realize his motives so clearly as he does with regard to his children when he determines that they shall miss nothing of the good things of life which their parents had to go without. But unconsciously the same factor enters into his attitude to women. His son, after having his chance, is still to go on with the serious business of life. His daughter must simply have her chance with no questions asked.

That the American male has gone too far in the other direction is partly to be explained by the national temperament, partly by the very suddenness with which we have emerged from hardship into prosperity. If the climb had been more gradual the enjoyment of leisure might have been more evenly distributed. But it would be idle to overlook the inherent difference in faculty between men and women, and an equally apparent difference in adaptability. The aspirations for the softer, finer things of life are stronger in the female of the species. The advent of leisure gives more immediate freedom to feelings long repressed. If prosperity has produced women of the type of Undine Spragg, in all her selfish, unreasoning longing for enjoyment, it is also true that through the women of America such interest as we display in literature, in music, in art, makes itself largely manifest. Here is where their superior adaptability counts. Our men have been much slower in casting off the habit of money-making and in acquiring the habits of a fuller life. To-day we are undoubtedly in the position of having placed woman on a pedestal and left her there lonely and rather dizzy.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The piece of American writing which has been most often reprinted is, it has been declared, Benjamin Franklin's "Way to Wealth." The late Paul Leicester Ford, in his Franklin Bibliography published in 1889, made an effort to record all separately printed editions, but his list, as he well knew, was far from complete. But neither Mr. Ford nor Mr. Bigelow, nor the latest editor of Franklin's writings, Professor Smyth, seems to have known what apparently is the fact, that the title "The Way to Wealth" was not given to the piece by Franklin, and that the text which the world has generally known is not Franklin's own text, but a garbled and abridged version prepared by some unknown English editor or publisher. Sparks pointed out the fact that two versions existed, but he gave no explanation.

Franklin's own account of the publica-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion of the piece, as written down by him in 1788 in his "Autobiography," is not quite accurate. After telling how he had "filled all the little spaces that occurr'd between the remarkable days in the calendar with proverbial sentences," he goes on to say:

These proverbs, which contained the wisdom of many ages and nations, I assembled and form'd into a connected discourse prefix'd to the Almanack of 1757, as the harangue of a wise old man to the people attending an auction. The bringing all these scatter'd counsels thus into a focus enabled them to make greater impression. The piece being universally approved, was copied in all the newspapers of the Continent; reprinted in Britain on a broadside to be stuck up in houses; two translations were made of it in French, and great numbers bought by the clergy and gentry, to distribute gratis among their poor parishioners and tenants. In Pennsylvania, as it discouraged useless expense in foreign superfluities, some thought it has its share of influence in producing the growing plenty of money which was observed for several years after its publication.

Although this "connected discourse" was written and printed in 1757, it was prefixed to the Almanac of 1758. It is there headed only "Preface," and is dated at end "July 7, 1757." If this was the actual date of writing, it must have been written on shipboard, for Franklin sailed from New York on June 5, and arrived at London on July 26, 1757. The Almanac for 1758, the most interesting of the series, probably had a large circulation in Pennsylvania, but at the time of Franklin's writing, thirty years after publication, no separate edition had been printed in Pennsylvania, or, if printed, such editions are now totally lost. Barbeu Dubourg, in his edition of Franklin's writings (Paris, 1773), makes a similar statement as to its influence upon American life, to the effect that it contributed largely to the resolution of the colonists not to buy goods of British manufacture.

The first separate edition of the "discourse" now known to exist was printed at Boston by Franklin's nephew, Benjamin Mecom. It is a pamphlet of sixteen pages with an engraved frontispiece and with the title, "Father Abraham's Speech To a great Number of People at a Vendue of Merchant-Goods; Introduced to the Publick by Poor Richard, (A famous Pennsylvania Conjurer and Almanack-Maker)." The title-page is undated, but the date 1760 appears on a globe in the hand of Father Time at the top of the frontispiece, and this is supposed to be the date of publication. This pamphlet was reprinted by T. & S. Green in New Haven, but without the frontispiece, about 1767, though this edition is also undated.

It was again printed with the same title, but with some additional matter, in Dedham, Mass., in 1807. These three editions with the title "Father Abraham's Speech" seem to have been the only strictly American editions whose origin can be traced to the Almanac itself, and apparently the only ones with Franklin's text complete and unaltered. All later editions, having the title "The Way to Wealth," printed in America, are without question copies of English editions.

The first English edition, and the first to bear the title "The Way to Wealth," was probably printed in 1773. Ford in his Franklin Bibliography says 1774, which is the earliest printed date, but there are evidences, manuscript and printed, which seem to show that the book, with this title, was in circulation a year earlier.

There are three undated editions, each a pamphlet of sixteen pages with the similar title, "The Way to Wealth, as clearly shewn in the Preface of an old Pennsylvania Almanack, intitled, Poor Richard Improved." This title is on A1, and there is no imprint. In one of these three editions the fifth line of the title is "Of an Old," whereas in the two others it is "Of." These two latter (not distinguished by Ford) are from different settings of type and with different printers' ornaments. In the earlier of the two the signature mark on the fourth leaf is "A3" instead of "A4," and the conclusion, "I am, as ever, Thine to serve thee," is in two lines, whereas in the other it is in one line. One copy of this first edition which I have seen has in contemporary manuscript, on the title, "Printed at Pennsylvania 1773," and at the top, in the same hand, "Lady Julianna Penn." The pamphlet, however, bears every appearance of being from an English press.

In a letter from Barbeu Dubourg to Franklin written from Paris on November 25, 1773, he "hopes that the extract from the old Almanac of Pennsylvania will not only be applauded but will bear fruit." It was translated and printed by Dubourg in the same year (1773) in his edition of Franklin's works. It there has the title, "Le Moyen de S'enricher, Enseigné clairement dans la Préface d'un vieil Almanach de Pennsylvania, intitulé: Le Pauvre Henri à son aise." This was evidently reprinted from an English edition with the title "The Way to Wealth," and we may be certain that the piece with this title was printed in England as early as 1773.

As an explanation of the change of title from "Poor Richard" to "Poor Henri," Benjamin Vaughan in his edition of Franklin's Works (London, 1779) has this foot-note: "M. Dubourg, the French translator of Dr. Franklin's Works, entitled this Pennsylvanian Almanack, 'Le pauvre Henri à son aise,' to avoid the *jeu de mots* in case he had written 'Pauvre Richard.'"

The English edition dated 1774 to which Ford gave priority was very probably reprinted from one of the three undated sixteen-page editions described above. It has the imprint, "London: Printed for M. Lewis, No. 1 Paternoster-row. 1774," and has twelve pages only. There is also another undated edition, with eight pages only, without title, but with heading at the top of page [1]. Ford follows Stevens in assigning this to 1775. These five editions fall into one class; they can all be traced to one original, and that original was the first edition to have the title "The Way to Wealth." It may be the undated issue described above with the misprinted signature mark or it may be an edition now lost. But who gave it the title "The Way to Wealth"? Almost certainly not Franklin himself. His name does not appear upon any of these five early editions. That there was or had been uncertainty as to Franklin's authorship is shown by Dubourg's note appended to his translation of the piece printed in 1773. This note begins: "On ne doute point que M. Franklin ne soit l'auteur de cette pièce." Franklin uses the phrase in his "Advice to a Young Tradesman," where he says: "In short, the way to wealth, if you desire it, is as plain as the way to market," and this is very probably the source of the title of the piece.

A comparison of the text of the "Preface" of the Almanac of 1758 with that of the undated editions 1773-1775 shows that Franklin's text has been much condensed and, in a few cases, a trifle altered. About one-seventh of the original is omitted, the largest single omission being in the two preliminary paragraphs, which are almost entirely cut out. The sentences and phrases deleted are almost without exception such as would have been struck out by an editor anxious to cut down the length of the piece. The alterations, too, are those of an editor rather than an author. "Vendue" was changed to "auction" three times and to "sale" twice. "'Tis" was changed to "it is" six times: "won't" to "will not," "can't" to "cannot," "I'll" to "I will," "that's" to "that is," and there are one or two other similar cases. "Great estates may venture more" is changed to "Vessels large may venture more." "All for want of Care about a Horse-shoe nail" is altered to "a little Care," etc. These are the most important alterations in text, aside from the cutting out of words, phrases, and sentences. If these changes were made by Franklin himself it is the only known case in which he altered any of his writings after their first printing, excepting only the little "Parable against Persecution," where five verses were added in the second version.

After the five editions described above as appearing from 1773 to 1775, the next known reprint of "The Way to Wealth" in England was in Franklin's "Works" edited by Vaughan and printed by Johnson in 1779. The publisher adds this note:

This piece has been printed on a single sheet of paper, of a small size fit for framing, and may be had of the publisher of this work, Price two-pence.

This is evidently the "broadside to be stuck up in houses" referred to by Franklin in 1788. The sheet, which can hardly be called "of a small size," measures 19¾ by 15 inches. It has the heading: "The Way to Wealth, As clearly shewn in the Preface of an old Pennsylvanian Almanack, intitled, Poor Richard Improved, Written by Dr. Benjamin Franklin. Extracted from the Doctor's Political Works." At the bottom is the imprint, "London: Printed by J. Johnson, No. 72, St. Paul's Church-Yard. (Price Two-pence, or Twelve Shillings an Hundred.)"

This broadside edition with Johnson's imprint is probably the first edition of "The Way to Wealth" bearing Franklin's name. It was not seen by Ford, who describes an edition without imprint. It was the progenitor of a series of editions, single-sheet and pamphlet, which, by having the line "Extracted from the Doctor's Political Works," can be put into one class. Ford apparently saw but one broadside edition, his own, without imprint, now in the New York Public Library, though he lists another with London imprint from the British Museum Catalogue and a third with a Canterbury imprint. I have examined six others, all undated: "Salisbury, Printed and Sold by Collins and Johnson."; "Bath, Printed and Sold by S. Hazard."; "London, Printed for and Sold by W. Clarke . . . W. Mason, Printer, ..."; "Printed by J. Rann, Dudley."; and "Printed for the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Benefit of the Public," besides two other editions without imprint. All but the Dudley edition seem to have been printed from Johnson's edition, and all probably before 1800, perhaps before 1790, the year of Franklin's death. The first American edition, with the title "The Way to Wealth," and the only known edition to appear before 1790, was printed in Lansingburgh, Pa., in 1789.

In France, although "The Way to Wealth," with the condensed text, had been translated by Dubourg and printed in Paris in 1773, the work seems to have attracted no attention until Franklin's arrival there. A new translation, this time with the full text of the Almanac of 1758, was published in 1777, with the title "La Science du Bonhomme Richard, Moyen Facile de Payer les Impôts," and with the imprint "A Philadelphie. Et se trouve A Paris, chez Rualt, Libraire rue de la Harpe. 1777." This translation is said to have been made by Francis A. Quétant, and was probably made with Franklin's knowledge and consent.

Besides "La Science du Bonhomme Richard" (which does not carry Franklin's name), there are three other pieces in the volume: (1) Franklin's "Examination on the Repeal of the Stamp Act," 1766; (2) the "Constitution of Pennsylvania," and (3) "Penn's Examination before Parliament," 1776.

The "Constitution" was translated by the Duc de la Rochefoucald; at least this text was reprinted in the volume of "Constitutions des Treize Etats-Unis de l'Amérique" printed in 1783 and said to have been translated by him. The "Note d'un Ameriquain," explaining the meaning of "liberty" and telling of the two classes in America who are not free, *i. e.*, slaves and bonded servants, was probably by Franklin. The little volume was so popular that five editions were printed the next year, 1778, and another in 1779, besides many later editions. There is, however, no evidence to show that Franklin had anything to do with the printing of it.

L. S. L.

Correspondence

THE LIEBKNECHT DISCLOSURES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The most amazing fact about the recent sensational disclosures in *Vorwärts* by Dr. Liebknecht, anent the maintenance at Paris and Berlin by German armament firms of publicity and secret agents, has been the conclusion which the press has drawn from it. May I quote from your editorial of April 24 as an example of the sort of deduction a critical and conservative writer has allowed himself to draw from this case? "The publication of this story of increased purchases of guns by France and similarly belligerent articles in the *Figaro* and other Paris newspapers was followed by the extension of the two years' compulsory service in France to three. Thereupon Germany answered with its tremendous war-levy and an increase of its standing army and navy to no less than 870,000 men." Does not this directly state that a few articles in the Paris papers, stimulated (if not solely caused) by paid emissaries of German firms, resulted in the most conspicuous militarist action of recent years? Does it not assume that the statesmen of leading countries of Europe did actually base decisions of the greatest moment, involving the expenditure of millions of dollars and a vital change in the economic and social life of hundreds of thousands of people, on the *unsupported word* of a newspaper editor? "More recently the War Minister has risen in the Reichstag to explain . . . such a great increase in the army. . . . Where do these Krupp revelations leave him? Either he was ignorant of what was going on, or he was helping to conceal the play to coin more money out of the taxpayers' fears which the Krupps were staging so cleverly and masking under talk of the new danger to Germany in the Balkans." Do not these sentences directly charge the German Chancellor with the basest crime of which a man could be guilty or with an amount of ignorance concerning the European situation which would be disgraceful in a private individual, the failure to know that armament was unnecessary?

It seems indeed to be time to apply to the pacifist press a little of that sort of criticism which it has lavished on the subject of foreign politics, to such an extent that it has declared vehemently the most solemn and explicit utterances of kings and statesmen to be of no consequence at all whenever they spoke of danger and the need of defence, and has treated as gospel truth their vaguest phrases about peace.

What, at the most, has been proved, assuming all to be true? That a German armament firm has attempted to sell more guns by influencing the press in France to attack Germany; that another firm has fomented talk of war in the German press and has tried to bribe officials in the War Department in order to procure specifications ahead of its rivals or contracts it would otherwise have lost. Yet, unless the accounts already published are incomplete, no evidence has been exhibited proving that either Government paid the slightest attention to anything the press said; indeed, explicit denials could be quoted from the most exalted quarters throughout Europe that the opinion of the press is regarded by any government as possessing any significance at all upon such questions as the increase of armament; no proof has been offered to show that any articles printed by the papers were published simply because paid for; still less did Dr. Liebknecht attempt to show that *all* the articles printed were purchased by German gold and that none expressed the honest opinion of Frenchmen.

The conclusion drawn is that the "recent war scare" (is it then over?) possessed no other foundation than "the exploiting of the masses by special privilege"; that we should have disarmament and peace if the makers of guns would stop subsidizing the press and Government officials. Is it credible that millions of really intelligent men can be made to spend millions of money for nothing at all, and be brought to the verge of war by "familiar cant and humbuggery," by a few fine words on paper without an atom of proof or a tittle of reality behind? If such is the condition of the public mind, let us cease to rely upon public opinion to control armament and to govern itself; it is merely a reed shaken by the wind. Such a notion of the ability and character of foreign peoples, of the morality and capacity of foreign statesmen, of the methods by which great decisions are reached, staggers with its own absurdity. Such reasoning falls to pieces of its own weight. So to read the situation, is to deny the vital significance of the present crisis, to deny the existence of real danger in Europe. On the contrary, the operations of the unscrupulous plotters depended upon the existence of this fundamentally dangerous situation.

It would be easy to put beside this handsome pacifist edifice an equally solid militarist structure founded upon the well-known personal interest and friendship of the Emperor with the Krupps and others, and show that the agents in Paris were really acting for the Imperial Government and had orders from Wilhelm himself (*via* the Krupps) to precipitate war. Hence the alarm in Germany when all seemed discovered! In reality, the seriousness of the incident to the German officials arose from the fear that there was an extensive leak in the War Office through which something more than specifications might slip. How much of all this is true will in time be revealed, but it will hardly be shown that the alarm in Europe is founded simply on the desire of the gunmakers to sell their wares.

Roland G. Usher.

Washington University, St. Louis, May 5.

ERICH SCHMIDT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Dr. Erich Schmidt, who died on April 30, was born June 20, 1853, at Jena. He studied at Graz, Jena, and Strassburg, was Privat-Docent at Würzburg (1875-77), Ausserordentlicher Professor at Strassburg (1877-80), Ordentlicher Professor at Vienna (1880-85), Direktor des Goethe-Archivs at Weimar (1885-87), Ordentlicher Professor at Berlin (1887-1913), Rektor of the University of Berlin (1909-10), and Geheimer Regierungsrat. He was the author of works on Reinmar von Hagenau, Heinrich von Mügge, Goethe, H. L. Wagner, Richardson, Rousseau, Lenz, Klinger, Voltaire, Klopstock, Friedrich der Grosse, and Lessing. Of the last he wrote, in two volumes, the most scholarly biography that has ever been published in the German language. He was also co-editor of *Quellen und Forschungen*, and *Palæstra*. His most remarkable work was the discovery of the first form of Goethe's "Faust." His main lectures were generally attended by about eight hundred students, his *seminar*, which was supposed to be small and private, by about one hundred and fifty. He was an uncommonly attractive figure on the platform, an eloquent speaker, and a man of almost inconceivably broad reading. He received his full professorship when twenty-seven, being surpassed, in this respect, by Nietzsche and possibly by no one else. As the successor of Wilhelm Scherer at Berlin, he entered upon his post there in 1887 with tremendous responsibilities; and he met them. He stood at the head of his calling. He had been working for some years on a biography of Uhland.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The attractive features of the man were to be found in his little foibles. He was, for example, extremely handsome—the students dubbed him *Der schöne Erich*. They also said that he resembled Goethe in profile, and that he did not on this account look straight at his audience. This is a myth, such as always grows up around men of his kind. The *New-Yorker Volkszeitung* said of him on May 1: "Er war einer der grössten Gegner für Zulassung der Frauen zum Universitätsstudium." This, too, is a legend; the opposite is more nearly correct. But he did have peculiarities.

One day, in the winter of 1904, an American student visited his *seminar*. Every seat was taken, so the visitor stood. After a while he left. Erich Schmidt thought that was a poor attitude towards science; he sprang from his seat and ran after the fellow, exclaiming: "What do you think this is, a beer garden?" The remarks of the American were made beyond the door and were inaudible. On another occasion, he passed a valuable and rare picture of Kleist around the *seminar*. There were finger prints on it when it returned. Erich Schmidt broke out in dignified abuse such as can be heard but seldom. At the next session, he apologized just as eloquently. This great man imagined that he was a great public reader. Some rôles he could read effectively, others he read very poorly. And when, on a warm day, with the windows open, the guard would march down Unter den Linden by the University, he would try to raise his voice enough to drown the noise of drums. He was generally successful, but always a bit ridiculous. No one who ever heard him lecture can forget his striking use of the word "aber." After a long positive statement, he would bring up with this adversative conjunction in such a way that one could not ignore the contrast. And it was in such connections that he betrayed his enormous reading. While lecturing on "Wilhelm Tell," for example, he would come to the place where Gessler is supposed to appear on horseback. He would say: "Ich bin kein Freund von Pferden auf der Bühne, aber," and then would follow a list of all the noted places in dramatic literature where horses appear on the stage. To listen to the man was to learn things not found in books. That is inspiring.

ALLEN WILSON PORTERFIELD.

Columbia University, May 7.

THE LAW-ABIDING CITIZEN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: In the *Nation* of May 1 appeared a letter from a Columbia professor on "Outworn Treaties." The general position therein maintained you sufficiently answered, though perhaps with undeserved moderation. There was one point which you passed over, not bearing directly on the matter of treaty-breaking which I hoped would rouse some comment in the next number of the *Nation*. As it has not done so and as it is significant of much in the professor's attitude and of his moral standards in general, I hope you will allow me to draw attention to it. Neither your correspondent's "mistakes in fact" nor his failure to perceive what is "shockingly immoral" to which you refer can be wondered at in the light of the following quotations from his letter:

> The law-abiding citizen either keeps the law or breaks it, and takes the consequences, and the same high moral standard should obtain for the nation.

Now as a definition of the "law-abiding citizen" that is distinctly entertaining. It should seem to indicate that even a McNamara may still be in good standing as a "law-abiding citizen" and only fall short of a "high moral standard" if he fail to get himself hanged. That this is not an unfair inference from the professor's dictum is shown by what immediately follows:

> The English suffragettes may be following a policy wise or otherwise in violating the law and suffering the consequences, but their behavior shows fine moral quality.

First, as to the facts. There is no question as to the violation of the law, but it is a matter of notoriety that these women spend all their energies, when caught, in resisting the consequences. If they had not done so there would have been no occasion for that foolish forcible feeding whereby the English authorities weakly play into the hands of these lawbreakers in their silly assumption of the rôle of martyrdom. This resistance to the consequences of their violations of the law would seem to impair the professor's claim for the suffragettes of "fine moral quality," measured by his own standard. As for this "fine moral quality" the professor's views on the McNamaras and their like would be interesting and to the point. They endeavored by ruthless destruction of lives and property to accomplish certain objects which appeared to them just; and they are taking the consequences. The suffragettes are attempting to accomplish results which appear to them just by a more indiscriminate destruction of property. That they have as yet taken no lives appears to be partly due to accident, and partly to the clumsiness of the criminals.

No, in spite of the professor and his like, who would turn upside down all the laws of ethics, whether Christian or pagan, the behavior of the English suffragettes will appear for what it is, a mixture made up of a total inability to reason sanely proving an utter unfitness to take any part in government; of a determination to gain at once by violence what certainly seems in this country to be winning its way gradually by peaceful means; and lastly, of a malicious desire for indiscriminate revenge for failure to obtain their desires.

H. B. WARREN.

Brookline, Mass., May 8.

WRONG ACCENTS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

SIR: H. M. Kingery's letter in your last issue is a good specimen of the linguistic information supplied to the American public. The stress lies on the first syllable in Magyar and on the penult in Polish. Such being the case, the word *huzar* (Polish form) or *huszár* (Magyar form) would have the stress on the penult in both languages. The acute accent is used in Magyar to designate the length and not the stress.

JOSEPH DE PEROTT.

Worcester, Mass., May 9.

Literature

MAN AND NATURE.

Human Quintessence. By Sigurd Ibsen. Authorized Translation by Marcia Hargis Janson. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.50 net.

That Sigurd Ibsen is the son of the dramatist is a mere matter of curiosity, but that he was formerly an attaché of the Scandinavian Legation at Washington and later Premier of Norway and Sweden bears directly upon his book. "Human Quintessence" is obviously not the work of a closet philosopher, but of a public man who has done his thinking at the vital point where philosophy touches morals, literature, and legislation. With only a very few exceptions, the translation seems to preserve a style of unusual lucidity and charm. One feels throughout in the presence of a mind reassuringly skeptical, as if sobered by experience with the stubbornness of established facts, yet resolutely progressive in temper. To suggest, as the publishers do, that Ibsen has "blazed" a new trail is perhaps misleading. What we find here of chief value and hopeful augury is a sharp criticism of current naturalistic tendencies and a reopening of an older trail.

The great task of the nineteenth-century thought, to speak it briefly, was to put man into nature. The great task of twentieth-century thought is to get him out again—somehow to break the spell of those magically seductive cries, "Follow Nature!" "Back to Nature!" In these days when every educator with a treatise on animal psychology, every criminologist with a handful of cranial measurements, every artist with a lascivious picture, every novelist with a nasty thesis, every citizen with a craving for three wives, appeals to nature, we may discreetly welcome any indication of a counter-revolution. Perhaps what we need is not so much a new philosophy as a new war-cry; for, as a once popular essayist declared, "man lives not by bread alone, but mostly by catchwords."

There are, for example, at least three ways of discrediting the current "scientific monism." The most difficult is to attack it upon purely metaphysical grounds. The most unanswerable is to oppose it with religious intuition. The simplest and possibly not the least effective is respectfully to ignore it. Sigurd Ibsen appears willing to keep the peace with the theory as a thing of great logical cogency. Yet he asserts that the really consistent monist is a "phenomenon we have never seen and never shall see." And in effect he dismisses it as irrelevant to human needs and, indeed, contradictory to human experience. Though he shuns the meta-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

physical abyss and professes his inability to climb the heavenly steeps of mystical insight, he is almost at one with the saints in his clear perception of the eternal conflict between the law for things and the law for man.

In the universe known to natural science he discerns no genuine progress, nor conservation of values, nor unity of purpose, but brutal cross purposes, blind chance, and everlasting change. The notion that the Darwinian "survival of the fittest" indicates an "aristocratic" tendency in nature is a vulgar error based upon a confusion of adaptation to environment with conformity to ideal ends. In human society, on the other hand, he detects an "impetus," unique in character, which "urges us to bring our existences and the conditions about us into an agreement with an ideal picture we bear in our hearts." To call this impetus human, as Ibsen does, or to call it divine, as others have done—is this not in the present state of our ideas a tolerably insignificant matter of nomenclature? Certainly, the matter of quintessential importance is to recognize this impetus and to exalt it. For it cleaves the universe in twain as decisively as the fiat that divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament.

"What makes a human human," says our author, "is not the impulses we share with other creatures; no, it is a special impetus that stands above these impulses, regulates and modifies them, reshaping and renewing them." The line of progress for human society must therefore be in the direction of this human impetus. It cannot possibly lead "back to nature," but must steadily show a wider divergence from the path of natural evolution. Society is in great part an organized opposition to nature, and it justifies itself only when it maintains its ground. It is irrelevant to approve or condemn this or that possible line of conduct on the basis that it is or is not in conformity with nature. It is pertinent only to inquire whether it is in harmony with the constitution and aim of the human organization. It is not according to the tendency of clay to become a pot or of wood to become a table, but is of the very essence of the artisan and the artist to overcome the tendency of wood and clay. It is according to the nature of an animal to preserve its own life and to reproduce its species, but it is of the essence of a man to lay down his life out of reverence for his great-grandfather and to check the impulse to indiscriminate reproduction out of consideration for his great-grandson. The impulse to refrain thus indicated we can find nowhere in nature. It is part of the pattern or design of human society that lies in the heart of man.

The application, then, of biological terminology to human institutions is fraught with confusion and illegitimate inferences. Society is not, after all, an organism but an "organization." It is not determined wholly, like organisms, by environment and previously existing forms of society, but partly by forms that have never existed and by a passion for approximating them. It is not unfolded naturally and spontaneously, but artificially and by contrivance. Its laws are not statements of observed relationships among forces; they are the forces themselves—the shaping, creative energy of the special human impetus, stemming the tide of natural impulse, and saying, "Here and there thou shalt go, *and no farther.*" Yet we speak of the evolution of society and the evolution of animals as if polar bears and political constitutions ran on all fours, had begun to trouble the womb of chaos at much the same epoch, and had been delivered to a passively expectant world by a similar spasm of vital energy. Hypnotized by the passes of a facile monism, the consciousness of man sees itself playing but a cognitive and spectatorial part in history, accepts the universe as it would accept an avalanche, and lies down in a deep paralysis of the will to await what the morrow may bring forth.

Looking backwards under the "confusing influence of the accomplished fact," the naturalist is persuaded that whatever has been had to be; and this conviction carried into current affairs results in an unhuman acquiescence in things as they are, in an unhuman submission to natural "law," particularly in the fields of politics and economics. Art, the model human enterprise because the freest from the constraint of brute force, achieved long ago in Grecian marble some of its ideal forms. Technical progress, though still far from its ultimate goal, yet keeps pace with the vision and invention of man. But politics and economics lag far behind—not merely the vision of exceptional individuals—behind the general "culture consciousness." "Let one attempt," exclaims Ibsen, "to congratulate a poet or a scientist by saying his work is an expression of common-sense: I surmise that he would take it as a doubtful compliment." Yet, "as every newspaper reader knows, one of the best testimonials to a political act is to say that it accords with this common-sense." This hitherto is the very summit of our political achievement. And in the sphere of international politics how humiliatingly far we fall short of it! The common-sense of the whole world cries out for a suspension of the mad international rivalry in armament, cries out that the arbitrament of international differences by shedding of blood is an insufferable and outrageous archaism. Yet Senators gird on their swords when they enter the council chamber; yet Secretaries of State sleep with their fingers on the trigger. There is a clank of steel in California, a smell of powder in Panama; what in the Balkans?

A war which is thought to be demanded by hard necessity may pass; but it is monstrous that four or five great states and several hundred millions of civilized human beings should be forced into a struggle which does not coincide with their interests. And we live under conditions where such a thing may happen at any time. It is a fact that in foreign affairs we are subject to the power that we call "the situation," and we are so used to it that we take it as a necessity without thinking how uncharitably it reveals the insufficiency of our political machinery.

Economically, continues Ibsen, society lives in "mediæval irregularity." And it is not reassuring to observe that he finds the most striking evidence that might is in the saddle riding mankind in the United States. "A man is fined if he empties water from his window into the street, but the same man, unhindered by law or established custom, can cause a bank failure, a strike, or a lockout which brings confusion to the interests of thousands of people. . . . He can become a member of a monopoly and as such can help to levy a contribution on a whole community with impunity." These conditions are absurd, he declares, even to the understanding of a child. They are the consequences, indeed, of the operation of natural laws, but they are "opposed to the culture-consciousness deep down in us which wishes to attain order in things everywhere, a just and expedient regulation of human conditions."

All this is familiar enough, but it comes with an access of weight and persuasive power from the philosophic temperance and critical balance of the speaker. Ibsen does not follow up his arraignment of existing conditions with a ready and convenient plan for establishing a new commonwealth. He has drawn from his reading of history a tincture of sobering and really tonic cynicism. He will admit with the reddest radical that "at all periods, legislation has been an exponent of the conceptions of society held by those in power and has been used by them as a means of protecting their special interests." He will point out that "if the weak are protected nowadays, if their interests are not left out of consideration either, it is because they, in reality, are on the point of becoming strong." But then he adds, as a cooling purge for unreflective democratic or socialistic enthusiasm, "We can be sure that the day the masses should attain an absolute victory, *they would advance the unadorned interests of the common people just as partially* as the earlier

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ruling classes have supported the privileges of birth and wealth."

Not the redistribution of brute power, but the gradual abrogation of it, marks for the philosopher the progress of society; not the extension of suffrage, the multiplication of hands on the reins, but the ability "to rise to a position of self-government and to obeying only the inner voice, that voice that is within us and at the same time above us." Meanwhile, that external government is most beneficent which resists most effectively the stress of natural forces, and which impresses most deeply upon the consciousness of society the validity and sanctity of human conventions, and the desirableness of continuing to work out in the world that ideal pattern which lies in the heart. If this is true, then the most progressive society will be likewise the most conservative, the most reverent of traditions, the most critical of hasty innovation, the most reluctant to entrust its destiny to the gusty and transitory passions of the hour. Haunted by dim memories of cataclysmic floods and tragic forebodings of fiery ruin, it will not look for its eternal and unchanging sanctions in the weltering flux of natural phenomena; not seek in nature for the order, stability, justice, gentleness, and wisdom that only man has ever desired or sought to create. It will permit its scientists to return to nature, for that is their business; but it will urge its educators, its moralists, its artists, and its lawmakers to return to man and follow their pattern.

CURRENT FICTION.

John Cave. By W. B. Trites. New York: Duffield & Co.
Barbara Gwynne. The same.

The author of these novels is an American who first found a publisher and an audience in England. He is now introduced to his fellow-countrymen with a chorus of imported praises which fill a dozen pages at the back of each volume. We learn what the *Daily Graphic*, and the *Glasgow News*, and the *Bristol Times and Mirror* think of the new writer. The *Athenæum* says that his work is "vivid and pulsating life." The *Book Monthly* says that it is "as well-written as it can be." The word "masterpiece" is heard from various quarters, with or without apology. One American, at least, did not have to wait for the American imprint, since Mr. Howells spoke some months ago of the "two very extraordinary books" by Mr. Trites, which "are now making him known in England for the mastery of his treatment of local phases not before studied."

Mr. Howells's favorable comment suggests the camp to which the new writer belongs. The weakest aspect of his realism is that, like the realism of the late Frank Norris, it shows too clearly a French influence, not only upon its matter, but upon its style. The work of Mr. Howells himself is akin to that of the French and Russian naturalists he so ardently admires. But they are not his models; not a trace of foreign manner, far less of idiom, in his pages. The chief merit of "Silas Lapham" is that it is so plainly indigenous in substance and style. If local phases of American life are to be profitably interpreted by Americans, they must be handled in terms of American thought and speech. If Frank Norris had lived, he might have cast off his traces of Gallic costume, as, in time, do the graduates of the Quartier; perhaps Mr. Trites will; but it is not the best way to have begun. In substance, so far as substance means "plot," the earlier story is the more original. Barbara Gwynne is, *mutatis mutandis*, another Sister Carrie; and the hero to her, Jerome McWade, is, in his different setting, the hero of "Tono-Bungay." John Cave is a central figure such as only a conscious disciple of realism could choose. The nearest resemblance one thinks of would be to hapless young Gourlay of "The House with the Green Shutters." "Having, through drunkenness, at the age of twenty-four, lost his place as a reporter on one of the newspapers of Chicago, John Cave returned to the East." So he is introduced to us; we leave him dead drunk in a marsh. He has ability; he is not without aspirations. All that he lacks is character—no drawback to your painter of "real" life. And, indeed, though by no stretch of the fancy heroic or tragic, he is, up to a certain point, an appealing figure. Beyond that point, he is merely unpleasant and unmeaning. The two women with whom he is involved yield a similar effect of anti-climax. One of them is a prostitute and an opium victim, who at last, a long last, dies of her excesses. The other is a beautiful and aristocratic maiden who marries Cave for love, and presently, after imitating his shabby infidelities to their mutual vows, leaves him for good in both senses:

> Her desertion caused him intolerable pain. It seemed altogether unnatural, like a mother's desertion of her child. She knew how much he needed her. . . . He made a gesture of despair, and to escape his thoughts, he summoned the fat man to a game of cards.

We leave him helplessly failing to put an end to his wretched existence—not dead, but drunk, and destined to die of nothing but the slow torment of drink.

"Barbara Gwynne" (published in England under the ambitious title "Life") is less defiant, less youthful, in its pessimism. Barbara and her Jerome, beginning life in the same village, diversely achieve fame and fortune. She becomes a queen of the stage, he becomes a capitalist. Such things happen sometimes in life and commonly enough in fiction. But the detail of the narrative, the atmosphere of it, above all the skill with which is indicated the slow convergence of the pair towards a union at which we do not actually assist, but which we discern to be inevitable and vaguely right—all this gives freshness to the familiar types. And Jerome and Barbara both have what Cave lacks, a reserve of character, of dignity and even of nobility, behind the showy or vulgar surface of their conduct. Like so many of his school, this writer is a trifle conscious of his merit in giving spades their right name. Crude sex, sordidness, squalor, fascinate him overmuch. But of the essential sincerity of his intent there is no doubt. And we believe one English critic is right in saying that his work is "not written for a market, but to reveal a man's original vision of the world."

The Adventures of Miss Gregory. By Perceval Gibbon. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Often enough Perceval Gibbon arouses great expectations; almost as often he disappoints them. His is an unusual talent for unveiling flashes of exotic mystery, and showing life as reckless and futile as a gambler's game. His "atmospheric effects" are sometimes very fine, and he knows the quality of light and shade in many strange places. Swiftly and surely he can put you on board a shabby Portuguese steamer plying the east coast of Africa, or in a plague-stricken Arabian town, or among the inmates of a pension in Brussels which "offered a roof and a refuge to damaged reputations of all varieties." But in the choicest haunts of danger and disreputability invariably to find one's self preceded by a middle-aged British Providence in petticoats—it is too much! What came we out for to see? Certainly not a stout English lady in tweeds, affably introducing herself by card as Miss Gregory, of Addington Hall, Kent. Not an autocratic "woman of the world," looking for slices of "real raw life" to put into the book she has in mind to write; not an Amazonian member of the best English society triumphantly imposing the standards of her class upon the degenerate inhabitants of the tropics. There is something very maudlin about the deference Miss Gregory is represented as inspiring, something very prudish about most of the totally depraved that she encounters. But the worst of her is that her very presence suffices to turn dramatic situation into the theatrical. If she had contented herself with merely delivering creatures of English origin out of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

foreign dilemmas it would not have mattered so much, but such is her aplomb and intrusiveness that she is to be found in Africa managing the last act of a Portuguese amour, and in Russia rewarding virtue by an official appointment. So that in the course of her travels she and the author between them manage to spoil several good stories.

ROMANCE FROM BENGAL.

Gitanjali (*Song Offerings*). By Rabindranath Tagore. A Collection of Prose Translations Made by the Author from the Original Bengali. With an Introduction by W. B. Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

The gilded Grub Street of present-day London, with its opulent Socialists and intellectual mountebanks and loose-living saviours of society and propounders of radical-tory paradoxes and Celtic moon-dreamers and hysterical feminists, is not altogether a wholesome or inspiring spectacle. Were it not for a dizzy St. Elmo's fire of cleverness playing over it all, it would, indeed, be almost contemptible. There are serious scholars and solid writers in England, but the noisy circle that stands preëminently for letters and emits its fads and enthusiasms into London and the English-speaking world, is not a thing to be regarded with entire equanimity by any one who has at heart the dignity and proper influence of literature. And so we draw in our breath when we come upon a little book of Hindu religious poems introduced by Mr. W. B. Yeats with ecstatic wonder and such ambiguous adoration as this: "Lovers, while they await one another, shall find, in murmuring them, this love of God a magic gulf wherein their own more bitter passion may bathe and renew its youth." Nor are we quite assured about this new fancy of the London circle when we read Miss May Sinclair's sibylline utterances sent over to an American magazine:

> It was not many weeks since I had heard these poems for the first time, that evening when Mr. Yeats turned Mr. Rothenstein's drawing-room into a holy temple by reading a dozen or more of them to about a dozen people. Even now, though they would all, of course, agree that what had happened was, for Literature, an event of supreme importance, they are probably no nearer than I am to knowing precisely what it was that happened to *them*. . . .
>
> In the Bengali poems of Rabindra Nath Tagore you will find that common emotional appeal united, in a music and a rhythm many degrees finer than Swinburne's—a music and rhythm almost inconceivable to Western ears—with the metaphysical quality, the peculiar subtlety and intensity of Shelley; and that with a simplicity that makes this miracle appear the most natural thing in the world. As far as I know, no Western poet yet born has done precisely this. Not Milton; he is far too grandiose for the human heart. Not Wordsworth; he is at once too subtle and too ponderous. And not the great mystic poets of the West, for they are the poets of mystics, as Shelley is the poet of poets; not Crashaw and not Francis Thompson, nor Henry Vaughn nor Blake at his simplest. Not even Dante and St. John of the Cross, though they stand nearest (they are very near) to this great mystic poet of Bengal.

We quote these intoxicated paragraphs because they are characteristic of the inner shrine of London literature today, and because they explain very clearly the wave of enthusiasm that has met the publication of Mr. Tagore's prose lyrics. Of the rhythm and grace of these poems in the original Bengali we can say nothing. In their English dress they are purely idiomatic and rather finely rhythmical; so far as the language goes they might have emanated from some London *cénacle* that had no taint of Celtic diction. And in spirit they are the same. They are lauded by Mr. Yeats for the good reason that they somehow belong to the same trailing end of the romantic movement as do his own sweet mysticisms. Their parentage goes back, by what channels or concealed sympathies we do not know, to the source from which come Maeterlinck's reveries and the *théâtre de l'âme*. Thus, in this dialogue between the singer's soul and the hidden soul of the universe there is the familiar note of absorption in nature:

> This is my delight, thus to wait and watch at the wayside where shadow chases light and the rain comes in the wake of the summer.
>
> Messengers, with tidings from unknown skies, greet me and speed along the road. My heart is glad within, and the breath of the passing breeze is sweet.
>
> From dawn till dusk I sit here before my door, and I know that of a sudden the happy moment will arrive when I shall see.
>
> In the meanwhile I smile and I sing all alone. In the meanwhile the air is filling with the perfume of promise.

There is again the familiar humanitarianism that appeals so piquantly alike to the delicate æsthete and the prosperous iconoclast:

> Here is thy footstool and there rest thy feet where live the poorest, and lowliest, and lost.
>
> When I try to bow to thee, my obeisance cannot reach down to the depth where thy feet rest among the poorest, and lowliest, and lost.
>
> Pride can never approach to where thou walkest in the clothes of the humble among the poorest, and lowliest, and lost.
>
> My heart can never find its way to where thou keepest company with the companionless among the poorest, the lowliest, and the lost.

But it would be uncritical to identify Mr. Tagore too completely with the *cénacle* who introduce him to the Western world. Though his poems show none of the virile quality of the older Hindu mysticism, and essentially have more the flavor of modern Paris than of ancient Oudh, yet they are haunted by emotions and images, ghostly thin no doubt, of the past. After all, this poet who dreams so prettily in modern style of the soul of the universe speaking through stars and flowers belongs also to the ancient race. Here, for instance, is one of the traditionary forms of worship translated into something strangely modern and elusive and, in its way, lovely:

> On the slope of the desolate river among tall grasses I asked her, "Maiden, where do you go shading your lamp with your mantle? My house is all dark and lonesome—lend me your light!" She raised her dark eyes for a moment and looked at my face through the dusk. "I have come to the river," she said, "to float my lamp on the stream when the daylight wanes in the west." I stood alone among tall grasses and watched the timid flame of her lamp uselessly drifting in the tide.
>
> In the silence of gathering night I asked her, "Maiden, your lights are all lit—then where do you go with your lamp? My house is all dark and lonesome—lend me your light." She raised her dark eyes on my face and stood for a moment doubtful. "I have come," she said at last, "to dedicate my lamp to the sky." I stood and watched her light uselessly burning in the void.
>
> In the moonless gloom of midnight I asked her, "Maiden, what is your quest holding the lamp near your heart? My house is all dark and lonesome—lend me your light." She stopped for a minute and thought and gazed at my face in the dark. "I have brought my light," she said, "to join the carnival of lamps." I stood and watched her little lamp uselessly lost among lights.

Forget the thaumaturgic Mr. Yeats turning Mr. Rothenstein's drawing-room into a holy temple, forget that this is the supreme event of literature, and you will find in the "Gitanjali" a true flower of the autumn of romance, with hints of the everlasting faith:

> You came down from your throne and stood at my cottage door.
>
> I was singing all alone in a corner, and the melody caught your ear. You came down and stood at my cottage door.
>
> Masters are many in your hall, and songs are sung there at all hours. But the simple carol of this novice struck at your love. One plaintive little strain mingled with the great music of the world, and with a flower for a prize you came down and stopped at my cottage door.

Japan and Japanese-American Relations. Clark University Addresses. Edited by George H. Blakeslee, Professor of History, Clark University. New York: G. E. Stechert & Co. $2.50 net.

There is no doubt that the campaign waged during the past half-a-dozen years by certain journalists and politicians, determined to place a sinister aspect on Japanese acts and policy, has in a measure effected its object and poisoned

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the public mind. Mutual suspicion has been aroused, and the most innocent transactions are constantly misinterpreted. As the years go by, the relations between the United States and Japan are likely to be close, with keen competition all over the Pacific. It is the object of the promoters of the annual conference on international problems at Clark University to reduce causes of friction between nations by presenting the exact truth before the community at large. With this hope they have published in book form twenty-two addresses delivered in the conference of 1911, when subjects connected with Japan were discussed.

About one-third of the articles are from the pen of Japanese; the rest are by Americans who either deal at first hand with their subject-matter, or are experts. Particular value attaches to some of the Japanese papers. Indeed, it is difficult to find within the same space so illuminating an article interpretative of modern Japan as Professor Asakawa's "Some of the Contributions of Feudal Japan to the New Japan." He traces with remarkable acuteness and ability the causes which have operated in evolving a united nation, able to assimilate the best in our civilization. At the close of the Tokugawa period, half a century ago, there were two great social classes which had "grown so separately and acquired such distinctive characteristics from each other, as to seem almost to be castes. Their views of life were divergent, and their interests were largely independent and in part even antagonistic. Hence, there was in Japan no 'nation' in the strict sense of the term" (p. 91). But to-day, by an amalgamation that speaks highly for the administrative ability of its rulers, "the Japanese people are to a remarkable extent homogeneous." Professor Asakawa regrets the creation of a new nobility, and the introduction of a distinctly bureaucratic spirit among officials; but he mentions with satisfaction the admirable system of national education; the compulsory military training, "practical schools where class distinctions are ignored," as he calls them (p. 93); and the growth of national wealth and of the general economic life of the people.

In the article entitled "The Foreign Trade of Japan," Mr. Ichinomiya, manager of the New York branch of the Yokohama Specie Bank, deals summarily with the oft-repeated fable that the Japanese have to rely on the Chinese for their banking system, so deficient are they in commercial probity and in financial ability. Here are the facts:

> Out of 2,137 Japanese banks in Japan, not one has ever employed a single Chinese, with one exception, the Yokohama Specie Bank, Limited. This bank, it is true, did formerly employ a few Chinese in its Yokohama and Kobe offices, and for the one and only reason that those offices are engaged in the business of foreign exchange, especially in relation to business with China, but the bank has since discontinued the employment of Chinese, and no Chinese to-day [is] employed by any bank or commercial concern in Japan (p. 129).

Theodore Richards, managing editor of a Honolulu paper, contributes an article that will be read with interest on "The Future of the Japanese in Hawaii." He tells the story of the immigration, which began in 1868, fell off almost entirely in the later seventies, and was resumed in 1884, 28,000 Japanese applying for passage in the year 1886. Now there are nearly 80,000, and "it is conservatively estimated that in another census period fully one-half of the Japanese population will be native-born." Mr. Richards admits "that in general the effect of plantation life upon the Japanese in Hawaii has not been beneficial to them in matters of morals and manners." They have shown as yet little disposition to own land. "It is probable," he remarks, "that there will be much greater investment on the part of the Japanese in island homes" in the near future. He touches on a point that might well have furnished the topic for a separate paper, the race classification of the Japanese. "It isn't out of the range of probability," he remarks (p. 310), "that, with sufficient pressure, the term 'white' may be big enough to include the Japanese on questions of naturalization as on all other points." Mr. Richards advocates the removal of all bars "to affiliation and fraternity between the so-called 'white' and 'yellow' race." His article, while full of interesting details, lacks balance and finish; is, indeed, a mere journalistic compilation rather than a piece of literature.

Dr. Honda, editor of the *Oriental Review*, has an excellent paper on "The Evolution of Japanese Diplomacy." He traces the beginnings of French influence in military matters, at one time paramount, to Japanese fear of British aggression. It is his view that Japanese diplomacy was at fault in 1895, at the termination of the war with China. "Through her failure in diplomacy," he declares (p. 229), "Japan realized the need of political allies and friends in Europe and America, for, after all, Asia was not strong enough to be independent of European politics and the European balance of power."

Other articles to be noted are "The Family of Nations Idea and Japan," by Prof. George Grafton Wilson, of Harvard; "Geographical Environment and Japanese Character," by Prof. Ellsworth Huntington, of Yale; "The Secret of Japanese Success," by Prof. Garrett Droppers, of Williams College, a worthy complement to Professor Asakawa's article; and "Japanese-American Relations as Affecting the Control of the Pacific," by Prof. Edwin Maxey, of the University of Nebraska. The revising and editorial supervision in general leave much to be desired. There is no index, which would have added a much-needed element of unity to somewhat heterogeneous material. Blunders and omissions are altogether too frequent.

Notes

We may expect next week from the press of Houghton Mifflin the following titles: "Time and the Woman," by Richard Pryce; "Justice and the Modern Law," by Everett V. Abbot; "Stowe Notes: Letters and Verses," by Edward Martin Taber; and "Michelangelo; A Record of his Life as Told in his Own Letters and Papers," by Robert W. Carden.

Mrs. Lilloe B. Chace Wyman is the author of two little volumes which the W. B. Clarke Company is publishing—"Interludes," a book of verses, and "American Chivalry," which contains sketches of several notable figures in the anti-slavery movement.

Miss Lilian Whiting has placed with Little, Brown & Company for publication in the autumn a book of travel, entitled "Athens, the Violet-Crowned."

Dr. Lewis Gaston Leary has in preparation "Syria, the Land of Lebanon." The book will be issued in the autumn by McBride, Nast & Company.

Amelia E. Barr, the author of many novels, will bring out this month, through Appletons, her Autobiography. Mrs. Barr is also at work on a new novel entitled "John Wesley's Love Passage."

"A Prisoner in Fairyland," a novel by Algernon Blackwood, is a forthcoming book in Macmillan's list.

The first of a series of four volumes by the Rev. Josiah Strong is announced for publication in May by Doubleday, Page & Company under the title "Our World, the New World Life." The other volumes will deal with Christianity, scientific principles, and the relation of America to the huge problems brought about by new conditions.

The same house promises shortly "Crowds," a book of essays by Stanley Lee, and "Efficiency Studies in House Management," by Mrs. Christine Frederick.

"The Case Against Socialism," by Edward F. Adams, is in preparation by Paul Elder & Company.

The Manchester University Press is bringing out, in two volumes, "Ireland Under the Commonwealth," a selection of documents, edited with notes and introduction by Robert Dunlop.

Mr. Unwin publishes this week "The Early Correspondence of Lord John Russell (1805-40)," edited by Rollo Russell, Lord John Russell's son; and "The Economics of Land Value," by Harold Storey.

"The Truth about the Titanic" (Kennerley), by the late Col. Archibald Gracie, falls into two parts. First is the author's account of his personal experiences, beginning with incidents of the last day aboard ship; proceeding to what he saw and heard and did on the doomed boat following the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

striking of the iceberg; and concluding with his escape when the ship sank, by swimming until he got on the upturned collapsible, and finally by being taken on to the Carpathia. The remaining two-thirds of the book is the story of the disaster as he has pieced it together from conversations, letters, and the official inquiries. This portion of his record is not woven into a skilfully constructed whole, but is rather a series of separate versions and phases of the event, which are evidently meant to speak for themselves. The tale is not told with any unusual gift of narration. Nevertheless, the author's cool-headed observation and clear memory, coupled with his careful sifting and judicial weighing of conflicting evidence, make the volume an authoritative record of the greatest and most affecting catastrophe of our time.

Senator Robert M. La Follette's Autobiography, or "Personal Narrative of Political Experiences," having run its course through a magazine, is now published by his own company in book form. Much of it deals with issues that are still in solution, and this fact adds to its interest, particularly since its author is playing an active part in reference to them. One can trace here better than anywhere else the rise of the spirit of Progressivism in the Senate, which has been one of the most significant political phenomena of recent years. A little oddly, Mr. La Follette invariably writes of his own group of Progressives with a capital P, so that one not familiar with the developments which he is describing would easily be led into misconceptions. For example, the first gathering of Progressives in the Senate for concerted action on legislation had, as two of its four members, Senators La Follette and Dixon. How different were the relations of these two in 1912! Here is the Senator's analysis of his most eminent rival Progressive:

> Roosevelt is the keenest and ablest living interpreter of what I would call the superficial public sentiment of a given time, and he is spontaneous in his response to it; but he does not distinguish between that which is a mere surface indication of a sentiment and the building up by a long process of education of a public opinion which is as deep-rooted as life.

Again and again does La Follette insist that half a loaf may often be worse than no bread, since it may take the heart out of the fight for the main part of the reform sought. This tendency to preach as he tells his story is allowed excessive indulgence, reaching its most glaring illustration in the reprinting of the thirty-five pages of his fatal speech at the publishers' banquet in Philadelphia. Through it, however, one is helped to a picture of the man, self-confident, intense, inclined to arrogance, undaunted by repeated failure, bitterly hostile to whatever appears to him as privilege. To this might be added his own words about Garfield, "the first leader to impress me." Of a speech delivered by the Ohioan, Mr. La Follette remarks: "I do not remember a suggestion of humor." The earlier chapters of the book, containing the account of the struggle in Wisconsin which in the end placed that State in the forefront of railway and other industrial regulation by government, have a dramatic interest that is equal to their political value as a first-hand record of one of the most characteristic and instructive upheavals of this generation.

Mr. J. H. Higginson's "Tariffs at Work" (London: P. S. King) embodies the results of an inquiry by a student and prizeman of the University of London. The title is more ambitious than the contents warrant. The thin volume gives very general accounts of tariff systems—conventional, maximum and minimum, preferential, and so on—of ad valorem and specific duties, bonded warehouses and free ports, drawbacks, and the like. The Appraisers' Stores in New York are briefly described, and so is the free port arrangement at Hamburg. The volume, though published in 1913, evidently was prepared earlier, since the writer speaks of the United States Tariff Board, which disappeared in 1912, as if it were permanent. The treatment hardly rises above the level of good newspaper articles, and contributes nothing of significance for the special student of tariff questions.

It is indeed a brave man who brings out at this time a book entitled "The Coming Mexico" (A. C. McClurg, The World To-day series). We look in vain for any suggestion in regard to an answer to the riddle of Mexico's future. Mr. J. K. Goodrich's book joins the company of the hosts of adequate but unnoteworthy contributions to the history and the conditions of the Latin-American countries. There is a surprising omission of the name of Benito Juárez in the list of the heroes of Mexican independence. There is a very good bibliography which has evidently been used sparingly by the author. The illustrations are good, but there are no references to them in the text.

Sir Clements Markham does not attempt in his "Conquest of New Granada" (Dutton) to do for Colombia what Prescott did for Mexico and Peru. The similarity, however, of the titles leads one inevitably to think of the earlier works and to compare them with the present history of the Spanish occupation of northern South America. Like all of Sir Clements's work, the book is entertainingly written. When one compares the relative number of Spanish sources on Peru and Mexico with those on New Granada, the present book can be said to be in every way a distinct contribution to the history of the Chibchas and the story of their conquest by Quesada and his followers. As the author states in his introduction, the object of the book "is only to stop a gap in English literature until such time as it may be worthily filled by another more detailed work from the pen of some one who is intimately acquainted with all the localities, as well as with all the original sources of information, some of which are still undiscovered."

Andrew Lang's "Short History of Scotland" (Dodd, Mead) is an abridgment of the author's four-volume "History of Scotland from the Roman Occupation." What was said of the larger work must be said of this smaller one, namely, that while the style is characteristically easy and vivacious, the work is one of information rather than scholarship. As a rapid sketch of externals, however, it merits a generous recognition.

"Papyri Græcæ Berolinenses, Collegit Guilelmus Schubart, fifty plates in collotype, with appendix" (Oxford: Parker & Son), contains a selection of documents and literary papyri from the Berlin Museum. There are facsimiles of eighty-one papyri, either complete specimens of short documents or portions of longer texts with an appendix containing brief descriptions of each and a transcription into ordinary Greek of a few lines or the whole selection. They are arranged historically, beginning (No. 1) with the oldest MS. of a Greek book, the "Persæ" of Timotheus, ascribed to the fourth century, B. C., and (No. 2), containing a *pactum dotale* especially valuable as giving its own date, the seventh year of Alexander, son of Alexander the Great (*i. e.*, 311 B. C.). The collection gives admirable material for the study of palæography from these earliest specimens down to the eighth century after Christ. In addition to this main purpose, care has been taken to select with especial reference to the value of the contents. They include, for example, in addition to specimens from well-known authors, letters (*e. g.*, a Greek version of a letter by Hadrian); notices of gifts; sales; renting of estates, houses, etc. It is of interest in connection with the "Fragmenta Tragica Papyracea," just issued in the Clarendon Press texts, that specimens are here given of two of these fragments; the "Achæorum Conventus" of Sophocles, and the "Cretes" of Euripides (both papyri being assigned to the second century after Christ).

The plates are carefully prepared under W. Schubart's able supervision. The explanatory matter in the appendix contains the absolute essentials for the help of students, but the value of the book would have been enhanced for students and even for teachers, remote from larger reference libraries, if the size of the appendix had been doubled by giving many details of great interest which only the fortunate few are in a position to cull from scattered sources. This could not be demanded of the editor of a work intended specifically for palæographical study, but it would have assisted in stimulating inquiries that should be raised and answered. The book is a valuable addition to the apparatus for Greek studies.

The third volume of Professor Vinogradoff's "Oxford Studies in Social and Legal History" (Clarendon Press; Frowde) consists of two monographs of rather more general interest than those in the earlier volumes. In the first monograph, "The Estates of the Archbishop and Chapter of St. André of Bordeaux under English Rule," Miss E. C. Lodge, on the basis of careful researches in the archives at Bordeaux, describes the economic organization of certain lands in the Bordelais. This was part of the region which the English acquired through the marriage of Henry II to Eleanor of Aquitaine and which they kept until 1453. Vine-growing was early an important occupation, and became steadily more important as commerce widened towards the close of the Middle Ages. The Archbishop received his rents in wine and paid his officials in the same liquid coin. Next to the vine-growers themselves the most numerous social class was the barrel makers. So much wine was grown to the exclusion of other produce that wheat was imported from England. This fact, that viticulture, not agriculture, was the dominant interest in the Bordelais, reveals important contrasts

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

between the hitherto unknown economic organization which Miss Lodge has laid bare and the ordinary self-sufficing manorial groups so well known in mediæval England, Germany, and Northern France. The estate of St. André was far more modern than the ordinary agricultural village of the feudal age. Serfs were relatively few in number; there were a great many small free rent-paying or profit-sharing tenants bound to their ecclesiastical superiors by ties of money rather than by bonds of allegiance. Services and dues were early commuted into money payments. In short, it was a commercial, individualistic, and modern kind of economic life in contrast to the manorial village with which economic historians are usually familiar.

In the second monograph, "One Hundred Years of Poor Law Administration in a Warwickshire Village," Mr. A. W. Ashby begins with an excellent history of the economic structure of the village of Tysoe from the time of the Domesday Survey down to 1796, when Enclosure Commissioners readjusted the holdings by throwing scattered strips together. By taking the concrete case of this single village and by a couple of maps, he succeeds in giving a clear example of the complicated process by which millions of acres were enclosed under acts of Parliament between 1760 and 1830. Having explained thoroughly the economic conditions, the author gives an admirable detailed account for Tysoe of the workings of the vicious English Poor-law system, which encouraged bastardy, thriftlessness, and degradation among the working classes. An unmarried woman was better off with a child than without. For every poor woman could claim a pittance from the parish when unemployed. If she remained unmarried and bore an illegitimate child her pittance was increased. If she could fix the paternity upon some man she might hope to get a husband, since the parish authorities would use all their power to make him marry her, and thereby relieve the parish of the cost of supporting a bastard. "There can be no doubt that the greatest cause of looseness among the women was the hope of finding a husband." These evils became far greater in the era which coincided with the spread of the Industrial Revolution. The changes accompanying the enclosures and the introduction of drill-planting deprived many women of their former agricultural employment of weeding broadcast-sown corn. This happened also to be an era in which the price of food rose far more rapidly than the price of labor; men and women who had just managed to earn an honest and independent living were no longer able to do so; they were forced downward into the reckless and dissolute habits of wanderers. The rich statistics which Mr. Ashby gives for this single village afford much justification for the doctrines of Malthus.

That the world stood in need of a literary version of "Romantic Trials of Three Centuries" (Lane) is not to be asserted with confidence. That this version will add greatly to the world's sweetness and light may be questioned; but there can be no doubt that so many of the world as read it will be entertained. Most of the dozen trials here recounted are inherently interesting. Some of them have been made fascinating by the literary skill of our author. It has been said of Blackstone that he was the first to make the law speak the language of the gentleman. Mr. Hugh Childers makes it speak the tongue of the *littérateur*. If any one doubts this, let him compare the first chapter of this volume with a recent article on the same theme by an eminent teacher of law. Prof. C. S. Kenny, writing in the *Law Quarterly Review*, under the title of "The Mystery of Elizabeth Canning," tells lucidly the story of this extraordinary trial, and discusses with judicial impartiality the contradictory evidence as well as the mystifying conduct of various persons connected with the case. From the trial he draws the lesson "that it is dangerous to permit judicial proceedings to be influenced by mob violence or even by party feeling—a lesson," he declares, "increasingly necessary in our days of sensational newspapers, a widespread franchise, and a plastic House of Commons." Mr. Childers entitles his chapter The Great Alibi; deftly selects from the vast mass of evidence given at the trial and from the many pamphlets inspired by it such parts as suit his purpose, and weaves them into a drama of unusual power. He draws no lesson from the trial. He makes no attempt to instruct the lawyer or to act the part of the moralist. His story is offered as a work of art.

This is true of each of Mr. Childers's stories. Take, for example, The Trial of Disraeli. In fact, there is no trial. Disraeli was indicted, it is true, for criminal libel, but he "allowed the proceedings to go by default, and submitted himself to the court's judgment." He admitted that he had been mistaken in thinking that Mr. Austin, whom he had libelled, had used the language attributed to him; withdrew the libel in terms of ample apology, and no sentence was imposed. Small substance here for a legal disquisition, but material enough for a clever character sketch of the handsome young novelist and political free lance, who was destined to be Prime Minister. With equal skill Mr. Childers discourses of the trials of The Lowestoft Witches, of William Penn, of Tom of Ten Thousand, of Beau Fielding and the Duchess of Cleveland, of the Macaroni Parson, of the Robbers of the Lyons Mail, of Jean Peltier, of Abraham Thornton (which led to the formal abolition of the wager of battle), and of Lord Cardigan for duelling.

In a sketch covering 77 concise pages, Prof. H. S. Canby presents a fairly comprehensive and not uninteresting "Study of the Short Story" (Holt). The development of the short story is recounted from the Middle Ages to the present. Following the text are eleven representative examples—two from Chaucer and from Poe, one each from Addison, Johnson, Scott, Hawthorne, John Brown, Stevenson, and Kipling. The book is intended to displace the author's "The Short Story," and to serve as a complement to his larger work, "The Short Story in English."

"The Science of Etymology" (Oxford), by the late Rev. Walter W. Skeat, sets forth clearly the principles of etymology in general and of English etymology in particular, and includes entertaining chapters on certain words and on linguistic errors. The book is equipped with a full table of contents and an index of words, arranged according to language.

"Public Speaking: Principles and Practice" (Macmillan), by Prof. I. L. Winter, of Harvard University, is a substantial volume of four hundred pages, containing a brief discussion of the main principles of platform delivery and a large number of selections suitable for five-minute presentation. The selections are arranged in two groups, those for use in "technical training" and those for use in "platform practice," and each of these groups is divided further. The after-dinner speech, the occasional poem, and the anecdote receive considerably more attention than is usual.

The Rev. Leander Trowbridge Chamberlain, D.D., died at Pasadena, Cal., on Friday. He was born at Brookfield, Mass., in 1837, and graduated from Yale and from the Andover Theological Seminary. For several years he preached in Chicago and later in Brooklyn. He was active in evangelical work and in political reform, and was connected with philosophical and scientific societies. Among his writings are "A Short History of the English Bible," "The State, its Origin, Nature, and Functions," "The Colonial Policy of the United States," "Patriotism and the Moral Law," "The Evolutionary Philosophy," and "The Suffrage and Majority Rule."

Francis Fisher Browne, since 1880 editor of the *Dial*, which he founded, died on Sunday at Santa Barbara, Cal. He was born at South Halifax, Vt., in 1843. During the war he served in the Forty-sixth Massachusetts Volunteers, and later studied at the University of Michigan. He was the author of "Every-Day Life of Abraham Lincoln" and a book of poems, "Volunteer Grain," and edited several collections of verse.

Science

The Interpretation of Dreams. By Sigmund Freud. Authorized translation by A. A. Brill. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4 net.

Professor Freud's work in psychotherapeutics, and the effective results gained in connection with his "psychoanalytic method," have attracted wide attention among psychiatrists and the medical fraternity. This method consists in inducing a patient to avoid all attempt at guiding his thoughts, and to report the images and ideas which spontaneously appear to him under these conditions. Many of the images, etc., which thus arise in the patient's mind evidently relate to experiences long since forgotten, which the practitioner is able to recall to the patient by skilful questioning. Our author and his followers hold that we are able by this method to discover the basis of certain obsessions and phobias, the evil effects of which may be removed by what may be called a cathartic treatment. In the course of his many psycho-analyses Freud has been much impressed by the important fact that the forgotten experiences resuscitated by this means bear a striking resemblance to the con-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tent of dream life, and this has led him to adopt the theory of dreams presented in the work before us. The drift of the author's argument is far from clear, being obscured by great diffuseness and occasional elusiveness of statement. Readers are therefore in danger of being led by his abounding self-confidence and enthusiasm to accept without question his clever interpretations which are given with great wealth of detail, and to accept without due criticism the dream theory which these interpretations are supposed to substantiate.

Stripped of all illustrative material, the theory may be stated as follows: Our author's main interest is centred upon the thesis that every dream is the fulfilment of an unconscious wish. He conceives of this wish as an active entity which strives to rise into full consciousness and to effect its realization, this being thwarted by the action of another entity which he designates as the "censor." "The psychic activity in dream formation resolves itself into two functions—the provision of the dream thoughts" which are unconscious, "and the transformation of these into the dream content." This latter activity is "peculiar to dream life and characteristic of it, . . . something qualitatively altogether different from waking thought, and therefore not in any way comparable to it. It does not, in general, think, calculate, or judge at all, but limits itself to transforming. . . . This product, the dream, must at any cost be withdrawn from the censor" (p. 401 f); this being accomplished by a variety of devices. The dream under his view would not occur unless it had a special function, which is thus described: "The dream has taken it upon itself to bring the liberated excitement of the unconscious back under the domination of the fore conscious; it thus affords relief for the excitement of the unconscious, and acts as a safety valve for the latter" (p. 457 f.).

Before examining this theory in detail we may well call attention to two contributions to psychology made by Professor Freud in other works, and brought into prominence in the book before us. It is, of course, no discovery of his that there exists an elusive psychic field, commonly spoken of among us as "subconsciousness," which is quite beyond the limits of awareness, and which has its influence upon the psychic field of which we are aware (our author's "fore-consciousness"); but this fact has only of late years gained adequate attention from psychologists, who, in the face of the phenomena brought to view by Freud's investigations, can no longer ignore its significance. His results also force upon our notice the fact, of which again, however, he is not the discoverer, that consciousness is a complex system of psychic systems, even as the nervous system whose activities correspond with consciousness is a complex system of minor nerve systems. Here again psychologists must acknowledge that the emphasis laid upon the "unity of consciousness" has led them to overlook facts which our author's studies compel them to take account of.

This latter point leads us at once to the consideration of the doctrine of the "censor" to which our author gives so great prominence. This "censor" is spoken of as a psychic system or clever psychic entity which resists the "penetration to consciousness of the dream thoughts" (p. 409), and which our author likens (p. 419) "to the Russian newspaper censor on the frontier, who allows to fall into the hands of his protected readers only those foreign journals that have passed under the black pencil." When the censor fears that the dream thought will escape his vigilance he resorts to all sorts of artifices to forestall its persistency. He changes the dream so that it becomes repugnant rather than attractive (p. 135). He moulds the dream by distortion (p. 226); by displacement and condensation (p. 286 f.); by substitutions (p. 314); by the suppression and inversion of pleasure-pain and emotional reactions (p. 375); by making it appear foolish and disconnected (pp. 339 f., 419 f.); by forcing us to forget it upon awakening (p. 410 f.). Never, indeed, should we have a dream but for the fact that "the sleeping state makes dream formation possible by diminishing the endo-psychic factor" (p. 416).

The layman certainly must see in this conception much that will appear to him fantastic, if not absurd. The psychologist must see in it the building of a huge structure upon a very slim and unstable foundation. It is to be agreed, of course, that the psychic system of which we are aware in waking life, moulded as it has been, and is, by the social influences that surround us, prevents the fruition of desires and frustrates the development of thought trains which are inimical to our welfare as social beings. But this acknowledgment does not warrant us in holding that this wide-awake consciousness is an entity so separate and diverse from the other psychic systems within us as our author would have us believe. All the evidence before us leads to the view that consciousness is fundamentally of the same nature through and through: that differences of systemic form occur within it; but that these are always in some measure correlated and are constantly more or less influential in determining the nature of that field of consciousness of which we are aware: this being quite compatible with the fact that when we feel consciousness to be less than fully alert prominence is gained by other psychic systems than that which is evidenced in moments of full alertness.

Passing over the final labored and obscure elaboration of this censorship (p. 426 ff.), which points to another censor governing "the transition from the foreconscious to the occupation of consciousness" (p. 490), we may turn to the main thesis, viz., that "the content of the dream is the fulfilment of a wish; its motive is a wish" (p. 100). This thesis is based on the author's analysis of dream contents which, if allowed to develop, very frequently, if not usually, bring into prominence some wish which in the dream is felt to be realized. This fact none will deny, but question at once arises whether this is a special characteristic of dream consciousness. It surely is true that the development of the thoughts which arise in everyday wide-awake life also constantly yields wishes that are immediately followed by pictures of the consequences of their imagined fulfilment. In this characteristic of dream life we therefore find no unique psychic functioning.

But in dream life, as in wide-awake life, there are many cases where wishes are not observable. This fact, however, does not balk our theorist, who warns us that his "doctrine does not rest upon the acceptance of the manifest dream content, but has reference to the thought content which is found to lie behind the dream by the process of interpretation" (p. 114). And here he displays extraordinary ingenuity in ferreting out dream wishes where none at first appears, by methods which, by the way, would yield very similar results if applied to normal waking consciousness. In his other writings our author has given evidence of a morbid tendency to over-emphasize the potency of erotic influences in all of experience, and in the field here considered the results of this preconception are conspicuous, leading him to improbable and revolting explanations. It may be true that these influences are very powerful in our adult lives; true also that they have been powerful in infantile life, and by their early activity have resultants which are felt as we come to mature. It is to be noted, however, that the traces thus left are likely to appear in wide-awake life when we allow our thoughts to flow without restriction, as well as in dream life, which latter is so closely allied with our uncontrolled waking states that we are led to speak of the latter as "day dreaming." All this may be granted, however, without forcing us to follow our author in his insistence that virtually all such dream wishes must have this origin. The illegitimacy of his method is evidenced in many directions; notably, for instance, in the interpretation of dreams of "dental irritation" (p. 234). It may

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be illustrated by reference to his explanation of dreams which picture the death of beloved parents. He is unable to "use the dream as a proof that" the dreamer "wishes them dead *now*. The theory of dreams . . . is satisfied with concluding that the dreamer has wished them dead—at some one time in childhood" (p. 211). The antagonism of children to parents who punish them is thus made to explain certain of these death dreams; but the largest proportion of them he would account for as due to infantile erotic influences (p. 216 ff.). The man dreams of the death of his beloved father because in childhood he had felt sexual attraction towards his mother, and had wished for the death of his father who was his effective rival. Apart from the forced and repulsive nature of this explanation it can evidently apply only to dreams where the dead parent is of the same sex as the dreamer, and is negatived by the fact that these death dreams frequently refer to parents of the opposite sex. He agrees that this sometimes happens, but contends that it is exceptional, without attempting in any way to substantiate this claim.

Finally, when we turn to our author's thesis that the dream has a special function, we find ourselves naturally led to assume a skeptical attitude by the fact that throughout the whole of his studies evidence constantly appears which leads us to note the closest of relations between our wide-awake and our dream consciousness. This our author accepts or denies as occasion requires. He agrees "that all the material composing the content of the dream in some way originates in experience" (p. 7); that "the experiences of the previous day furnish the immediate material for its content" (p. 192); that the dream thoughts "are usually found to be a complex of thoughts and memories of the most intricate possible construction, and to possess all the properties of the thought processes which are known to us from waking life" (p. 289); and even goes so far as to say that Aristotle was correct in holding that "the dream is a continuation of thinking in sleep" (p. 436). Yet, as we have seen above, he bases his theory upon the assumption that there is an activity in the transformation of dream thoughts into dream content which is "something qualitatively altogether different from waking thought, and therefore not in any way comparable to it," and he finally asks us to believe that "it is quite impossible to explain the dream as a psychic process" (p. 405).

One cannot close this book without a sense of depression. The author is a man of great ability, who has won distinction in connection with his use of the psycho-analytic method, and who is believed to have done great service in his special field by a large group of his professional brethren, not all of whom, however, agree that his theoretical positions are valid. But his mode of thought as displayed in this book is indicative of a total lack of the characteristics which lead to scientific advance. In it he portrays himself as one whose scientific judgment cannot be trusted, and this must lead even his most enthusiastic followers to question whether they are not overestimating the value of his work in other directions. He presents an example of the dangers connected with the extreme specialization characteristic of the educational systems of our day, which fails to strengthen the sense of logical values so important to the development of a true science. Their appreciation would have led our author to use caution in the adoption of doubtful hypotheses, and to hesitate to take the attitude of a special pleader who emphasizes all evidence favorable to the hypothesis adopted, and minimizes, if he does not overlook entirely, all evidence that is unfavorable. The value of his practical work in relation to hysteria and kindred problems will be remembered long after his theory of dreams has been forgotten.

"Air Resistance and Aviation," a book announced by Constable, is a translation from the French of G. Eiffel, who has an experimental laboratory at Auteuil.

Macmillan has in press "Travers' Golf Book," by the present national champion.

Following an ingenious paper by Watts in 1903, in which the ledges of ancient rocks in Charnwood forest, emerging from the lowlands of central England, were shown to be parts of a long-buried and recently uncovered desert landscape, T. O. Bosworth has lately published the results of eight years' minute investigation, under the title "The Keuper Marls around Charnwood" (Leicester), which fully confirm Watts's conclusion and add many new details. It appears to be demonstrated that this now humid and fertile district was a desert in Triassic time, and that the wind-carved rock surface of that period was gradually buried by the accumulation of stratified deposits under an arid climate, where evaporation greatly exceeded precipitation The direction of ripple marks in some of the sandstone layers, probably the deposits of temporary shallow lakes, indicates that the prevalent winds were from the southwest, as they are now; but a strong mountain range must then have enclosed the Charnwood district from the moisture of the Atlantic.

"Industrial Chemistry: A Manual for the Student and Manufacturer" (Van Nostrand); edited by Allen Rogers and A. B. Aubert, in collaboration with thirty-four specialists, is well printed, excellently bound, and carefully proof-read. It is a composite treatise, being made up of a series of chapters written by various chemists and engineers on a great variety of subjects, all, on the whole, ably presented; but there is a decided want of uniformity in scope and a marked variance in the method of presentment. The book does not meet the needs of the manufacturer, but, on account of the excellent treatment of principles, it is well suited as a student's manual, and as such will be welcomed by teachers of applied chemistry. In some of the chapters—as, for instance, in T. T. Gray's excellent account of The Petroleum Industry—the literature of the subject is freely referred to, while in others—as in that on The Destructive Distillation of Wood—no authorities are cited. The editors did not adopt the official abbreviations of the American Chemical Society in the case of periodicals; in fact, they failed to preserve any uniformity at all, and, as a result, the reader may be puzzled by some of the references, as that on p. 826, namely, "J. Soc. Chem."

At the recent annual meeting of the Naples Table Association for Promoting Laboratory Research by Women, the use of the Table supported by the Association at the Zoölogical Station at Naples was granted for the coming year to Dr. Rhoda Erdmann, of Berlin, Germany, and Dr. Caroline Thompson, professor of botany at Wellesley College. The Ellen Richards Research Prize of $1,000 for the best thesis written by a woman on a scientific subject embodying new observations and new conclusions based on independent laboratory research in biological, chemical, or physical science, was awarded to Miss Ida Smedley, London, England, D.Sc., London University, who has been working for the past four years in the bio-chemical laboratory of the Lister Institute of Preventive Medicine. The subject of the winning thesis was: "An Investigation into the Methods of Formation of Fatty Acids from Carbohydrates in the Organism." Ten theses were submitted in competition.

Dr. Louis Adolphus Duhring, an authority on skin diseases, died last week at his home in Philadelphia, aged sixty-seven. He graduated in 1867 from the University of Pennsylvania, in which institution he was later made professor of dermatology. He was the author of "Atlas of Skin Diseases," "Practical Treatise on Diseases of the Skin," and "Cutaneous Medicine."

The death is reported, in his fifty-ninth year, of Prof. Fritz von Bramann. From 1887 to 1890 he was assistant to Bergmann at the Berlin Klinik, which he left to become director of that at Halle.

Drama and Music

An authorized translation by Mrs. Emil Pohli of Arthur Schnitzler's latest play, entitled "Professor Bernhardi," is announced by Paul Elder & Company.

Of the three pieces in the second series of plays by John Galsworthy (Scribner), "The Eldest Son," "The Little Dream," and "Justice," the first two have been the subjects of comparatively recent notice and do not call for further comment at this time. The third, "Justice," which was played some months ago in London with only moderate success, is worthy of the author's reputation, in respect of literary and theatrical craftsmanship and realistic characterization, but is too plainly a case of special pleading to carry conviction with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it as an arraignment of the judicial system against which it is directed. The theme is the irretrievable ruin which is too often the fate of a first offender—of a moral weakling betrayed into unpremeditated crime by stress of circumstance or sudden temptation—for the lack of reasonable opportunity of reformation. It is a lamentable fact, doubtless, that the way of the penitent transgressor is often made unnecessarily hard. But in the special instance used as a typical illustration by Mr. Galsworthy, two points instantly suggest themselves. The first is that the offence committed by the young clerk, Falder, was not only forgery, but a double forgery—which he must have known would excite suspicion against an absent and innocent acquaintance—and the second is that after conviction, imprisonment, and release, almost the first use he made of his liberty was to forge papers in order to procure employment. It may be admitted that the conditions surrounding him were of a most distressful nature—Mr. Galsworthy, of course, has taken good care of that—but the fact remains that his conduct throughout is indicative of innate degeneracy rather than impulsive, amorous folly. His melancholy story is told with plausible and poignant simplicity, and provokes compassion, but it is difficult to escape the reflection that his sufferings and tragic end—for he kills himself at the last as the easiest way, perhaps, out of a dramatic dilemma—were quite as much the logical result of his own defective character as of any process of law. Such an impression is necessarily fatal to a thesis play of this kind, especially when the legal action is represented with the scrupulous moderation and accuracy which are characteristic of nearly all Mr. Galsworthy's work. The chief trouble with him, as with many other philanthropic enthusiasts, is that in his zeal for the reform of existent social wrongs and abuses, which, however undeniable and deplorable, are steadily if slowly diminishing before the growth of education and enlightenment, he is apt to overlook the necessities of social order.

"The Chaperon," by Jocelyn Brandon and Frederick Arthur, which is said to have made a hit at the Strand Theatre in London, appears to be an irresponsible farce, not too delicate in texture. A member of Parliament, entertaining a famous actress, is surprised by his wife, and gets out of the difficulty by introducing the lady and a casual acquaintance as Mr. and Mrs. Jones. The wife is charmed with her new friends, and insists upon taking them home to dinner. Unforeseen accidents lead to highly embarrassing situations, which are solved in theatrical fashion. Ethel Dane, as the actress, repeated the success which she made some time ago in "The Glad Eye," and Cyril Keightley enacted the Chaperon with humor and veracity.

The governors of the Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon realize that the endowment fund will have to be substantially increased if the annual Shakespearean festivals are to be maintained hereafter upon the same scale of artistic excellence and comprehensiveness which has characterized them during Mr. Benson's administration. The hope of keeping the company up to its present high standard lies, the governors have concluded, in the possibility of sending the players on tour to America and South Africa. Success abroad would serve not only to raise necessary funds, but to advertise the festivities at Stratford.

Young singers of merit have no difficulty in getting engagements. The place hunts for them. Speaking of Covent Garden, Mr. Legge, of the London *Telegraph*, writes:

The singers are collected from practically all parts of the world. The Royal Opera syndicate have agents in every likely, and in some unlikely, spots, whose duty it is to report on the rising of any bright, particular star, and when the report comes, then off goes Mr. Henry Higgins, the chairman of the syndicate; Baron D'Erlanger, a member of it, or Mr. Percy Pitt, the musical director, any one of them, or all three—off to hear if the report is well founded. In this way are new stars brought to earth.

Wolf-Ferrari, whose "Secret of Suzanne," "Donne Curiose," and "Jewels of the Madonna" have been sung at the Metropolitan, is said to be putting the finishing touches to a light opera based on Molière's "L'Amour Médecin."

Paris is still talking about a wonderful performance of "Rigoletto," in which Melba sang, with Caruso and Renaud. That was four years ago. Two weeks ago Mme. Melba reappeared in Paris, this time as a concert singer. Her voice was found to be "as rich and flexible as ever."

Forty-seven composers, including three Americans, figured on the programmes of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's home concerts during the season just ended. Beethoven was represented thirteen and Wagner nine times. Mozart and Brahms each had five hearings, while Liszt, Schubert, and R. Strauss had four each. The number of pieces played was 101. The complete list of composers follows:

Bach, C. P. E., Bach, J. S., Beethoven, Berlioz, Bischoff, Borodin, Brahms, Bruch, Bruckner, Chabrier, Chadwick, Charpentier, Debussy, Dukas, Dvorák, Glazounoff, Gluck, Goldmark, Haydn, Holbrooke, Klughardt, Lendvai, Liszt, Loeffler, MacDowell, Mahler, Marcello, Mendelsschn, Mozart, Mraczek, Pfitzner, Reger, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Saint-Saëns, Schubert, Schumann, Sgambati, Sibelius, Sinding, Smetana, Strauss, R., Strube, Tchaikovsky, Vivaldi, Volkmann, Wagner, Weber.

During the past season in Boston sixteen Italian operas, including the operas of Mozart and Wolf-Ferrari, had sixty-four performances; nine operas by French composers have had twenty-seven performances; three German operas, eleven performances. Puccini had four operas to his credit and seventeen performances. Verdi was represented by five operas and nineteen performances. Wolf-Ferrari was represented by two, the remainder by one each. The complete list follows:

"Aïda," 6; "Barber of Seville," 2; "La Bohême," 5; "Cavalleria Rusticana," 4; "Tales of Hoffmann," 5; "Coppélia," first act, 2; "Djamileh," 1; "Don Giovanni," 3; "Faust," 3; "La Forêt Bleue," 3: "The Jewels of the Madonna," 7; "Girl of the Golden West," 4; "Hänsel und Gretel," 5; "Louise," 5; "Lucia di Lammermoor," 4; "Madama Butterfly," 3; "Martha," 2; "Otello," 3; "Pagliacci," 4; "Pelléas et Mélisande," 2; "Rigoletto," 3; "Samson et Dalila," 1; "Secret of Suzanne," 4; "Thaïs," 3; "Tosca," 5; "Traviata," 4; "Tristan und Isolde," 4; "Trovatore," 3.

The late Joseph Bayer, director of ballets at the Imperial Opera in Vienna, was in a special sense, as a correspondent writes, a Viennese composer; he had gauged with accuracy the Vienna taste, and by his composition of the ballets "Puppenfee" and "Wiener Walzer" he made his name famous far beyond the limits of the Austrian Empire. Numerous other ballets and operettas owe their origin to him, all having the same peculiar Bayer physiognomy and original coloring, and all bearing the unmistakable stamp of their composer. Bayer was one of the quickest musical writers imaginable; what he composed was written on the spur of the moment, and, when in his instrumental mood, the most experienced copyists could scarcely keep pace with him.

Bach's widow died in the poorhouse, and in the last years of his life Bach had been obliged to sell the copper plates of some of his compositions for which there was no demand. A few weeks ago the MS. of his "Well-Tempered Clavichord" was sold at auction in Berlin for $5,000. At the same sale the sum of $600 was paid for the MS. of Gluck's "J'ai perdu mon Eurydice." The fragment of Wagner's juvenile opera, "The Wedding," brought $3,000, while $600 was paid for his pianoforte sketch for a second symphony.

A German opera by H. W. von Waltershausen has been produced in London. It had previously been staged at Frankfurt. Its name is "Oberst Chabert," being an adaptation by the composer himself of Balzac's "Colonel Chabert." The London *Times* welcomed it as "a sincere and skilful work containing moments of strong feeling and some (rather too few perhaps) of distinctive beauty. It is the work of a man who knows the stage apart from the opera house."

In memory of the late William F. Apthorp, formerly Boston's leading musical critic, the Cecilia Society of that city at its last concert sang Palestrina's "Tenebræ factæ sunt." Elgar's new choral work, "The Music Makers," had its first Boston hearing on this occasion, under the direction of Dr. Arthur Mees, who goes from New York to Boston regularly to conduct the St. Cecilia's concerts.

Art

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

LONDON, May 1.

There is no better exponent than the Royal Academy of the official art that has helped to drive artists to Cubism and Futurism and other foolish excesses. Officially, its summer exhibition is the most important given in London; artistically, it continues to be the least representative. Whatever change there may be within the Academy in its membership, whatever change without that body in the tendencies and movements of the day, the exhibition at Burlington House never rises above its dull standard of mediocrity. One after another the Academicians who were the great popular masters of a quarter of a century ago, when I first went to an Academy, have died and their place has been taken by the younger men, but the exhibition in quality seems neither to have lost nor profited. Artists, once the leaders of opposition and revolt, are gathered in the fold, promptly swallowed up

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in it, to disappear, as far as any signs of their influence can be found upon the Academy walls. Other galleries may be all astir with new experiments and new departures, the Academy calmly continues to uphold its old exhausted conventions and formulæ, to persevere in its old system of hanging and arrangement. Lately, attention—a good deal for England—has been given to mural decoration, but never a hint of the fact would be gleaned from a visit to the Academy. There is what the dealers call a "boom" in etching, there is a vigorous revival of lithography, and in the Black-and-White Room the selecting and hanging committees would seem to have been preoccupied with nothing but to preserve uniformity in the neat gilt frames. Monuments are wanted for the heroes of the day, and in the Sculpture Galleries the same listlessness reigns as in the others. Really, at the press view yesterday I rubbed my eyes and looked again and again, wondering whether this was the twentieth century or whether I had been somehow carried back to the late eighties and early nineties of the nineteenth. Constancy in a better cause would have its virtue.

My friend, the critic, who used to search the Academy for one picture that amused him, and, having found it, hastened away, saying his article was written, would this spring look in vain for the one peg worth hanging his criticism on. Sargent for long could be relied upon to send a portrait, or a portrait group, or a fragment of his decorative series for Boston, that would arrest you as you passed, force you to look at it, to study it carefully. Sargent, however, is now content to exhibit only four fairly small studies. One, Rosa Maine, is a half-length of a girl, her face fresh, alert, alive, so that in her presence the near large and labored portraits fade into lifeless shadows, into mere pigment. It is always this suggestion of life, this vitality, that seizes you in Sargent's work when seen against the inanimate Academy background. It is more insistent still in a vigorous, brilliant sketch of the picturesque Hospital at Granada. The sunshine flooding the loggia is full of life; the patients lying or lounging there are alive in their suffering and their pain, in every pose, every turn, every movement of their poor, tortured bodies; there is life in the very quality of the plain whitewashed walls and the old, dark paintings hanging upon them. Apparently, Sargent painted just what he saw when he looked down the long perspective of the loggia, for his work, whatever subtlety of design may be concealed in it, always gives the effect of a direct, rapid transcript from Nature, but one that, if rapid, retains the essential, the vital spark that the mechanical snapshot, supposed to be the most accurate, because the most rapid and direct, period of all, never can capture. He has a third study, abounding in the same animation, and the same rapidity and sureness of touch, of a group of Spanish Gypsies, their low white houses brilliant, dazzling, in the hot Spanish sunlight, the yellow shawl of a gypsy girl who crouches by the roadside singing out riotously, shamelessly from the decorous Academy walls.

It is astounding how this one small sketch can overpower the surrounding canvases, twice, four times, ten times, its size. For example, a painting by Charles Sims, the R.A.-Elect, who has been straying for his motives into the woods and the wilderness beyond the World, hangs close to the Sargent, but the light that never shone on sea or shore, as he imagines it, is tame and dead compared to the blinding radiance of Sargent's Spanish hillside. These sketches are not great masterpieces; they might not tell at all in the salons or in many an exhibition given in the old days by the International, but they are the work of a man who can see for himself, who can paint for himself, and this is the reason why they stand out so strikingly in the midst of the feeble, anæmic reëchoes and the patient repetitions of old time-honored formulæ that jostle one another on the Academy walls.

In size, at all events, Lavery has attempted to rival Sargent's earlier achievements, and he has been commissioned to paint royalty—though not by royalty—which is the height of most Academic painters' ambition. Indeed, he has been quick to arrive officially since his election as Associate a couple of years ago. This year he has the largest picture in the Academy, and it hangs in the chief centre of the chief gallery (No. III)—it has been approved by royalty, it has been presented by its owner to the National Portrait Gallery. But to arrive officially is not usually to conquer artistically. Royalty seems to have oppressed Lavery, as it has many other British painters for whom it has condescended to sit. In this case the sitters are the King, the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Princess Mary; and the first impression the canvas gives is that he has been sorely puzzled to know how to group them. He has never before undertaken a large important group, and it is clear that his talent does not lie that way. A photographer might have hit upon a happier arrangement. The Queen sits in one corner of a sofa drawn up across the foreground of a large, spacious room, presumably at Buckingham Palace, the Princess is on a low stool or ottoman at her feet, the Prince of Wales stands behind the sofa, and at its other end stands the King, in admiral's uniform, staring straight out of the canvas, his pose as wooden as a mannikin's. The difference of planes hardly accounts for the scale of the figures; one trembles for the King and Prince, hopelessly dwarfed as they would be, were the Queen and the Princess to rise. The difficulty of covering the enormous canvas has evidently been no less serious a problem to Lavery, and he seems to have turned for help to the scene-painter, though he might have learned from Velasquez that the secret of making a room look big is to fill it with atmosphere, and that the modelling of the heads need not be coarse nor the draperies put in with too heavy a brush in order to give the figures their right proportions in it. Nor is the color, a dingy gray, of the background pleasant, though architectural dignity is given by the perspective through an open door to an apartment beyond, and still beyond to a blue vista. The way this blue is repeated in a touch here and there on the uniform of the King, the dresses of the Queen and Princess, and the decorations of the Prince, suggests that Lavery had a definite design, a definite scheme of color. But he has not known how to carry it out; and the result is another proof of the timidity of the modern painter when facing the subject that inspired some of the greatest masters of the past to their greatest triumphs.

Few other portraits reach even the level of Lavery's. There is the usual array by Academicians—by Herkomer and Ouless, who mistake coarseness or brutality for vigor; by Dicksee, who thinks to achieve delicacy by vapidity, and whose women have about as much flesh-and-blood reality as the beauties of the handkerchief and chocolate-box cover; by the president, Poynter, who hopes to attain genius by industry in detail. Already Orpen seems to be chastened by his Academic dignity, and his one Portrait—of a woman—has but the greater vivacity in the rendering of a curtain behind the figure and the orange-hued flower at her waist to serve as reminder of the days when he was accepted as a prophet from whom un-Academic things were expected. Another sitter as strong in character as Phil May would be the best of tonics to J. J. Shannon, who betrays his weariness in his painting of women. There is a charm of pose in his Mrs. E. Wynne Chapman seated under an eighteenth-century tree, but his interest in the sitter herself, as in his others, seems light and languorous. The one really animated passage in all the five portraits he shows is a pot of flowers in the background to his Mrs. Hope, the textures and the color so directly and dexterously expressed that you almost feel his relief when he found himself painting it.

George Henry has gained no more than Orpen from Academic honors, and his portraits grow prettier in conception and sleeker in execution. This year he varies them with an outdoor group that,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at a glance, has a delightful gayety, as if the painter were rejoicing in his escape from the studio and studio properties into the open air. But it is the gayety more appropriate to the hoardings than to a picture gallery, and it does not stand over-well a closer study, for it is impossible not to see how artificial the composition is, strive as the painter may to pass it off as a piece of realism. Three girls are grouped immediately in the foreground, so immediately that little more than their heads and shoulders are seen. Above them is a vast expanse of sky, a long white cloud fills one side of it, and is balanced on the other by a tall tree. The three heads are put in with spirit and sympathy; the tenderness with which the light falling on cheek or chin gives the modelling is happily found. But the placing of the figures so low on the canvas is deliberately eccentric, and unpleasant, too, for they seem to be falling out of the picture, and make you long to push them well up into it again; the cloud is nearly as solid as the tree; the lines are too rigid for rhythm or for nature. It is the note of gayety where gayety is at a discount—*even if it be the gayety of the poster*—that is the charm of the canvas. The only other portraits that need be mentioned are a cleverly modelled head of a woman by Clausen and a vivacious presentment of a girl in Spanish costume by Lambert.

The landscapes explain as eloquently as the portraits that gayety, vivacity, is usually the last quality the British painter seeks in nature. Those sent by Academicians are as ponderous as the Academicians' portraits, with an occasional exception. Painters like Hughes-Stanton and Bertram Priestman can build up a composition on large, effective lines out of a motive found in the dunes of France or the hills of Yorkshire, but they cannot quite conceal the bones of the construction. Arnesby Brown knows how to place his train as it creeps—if it does not stand still—through a flat countryside or his group of cattle in rich pastureland. Mark Fisher is never uninteresting, though of late he has done little more than repeat his earlier themes. Here and there the sweep of a passing cloud or the golden glow of the sun low in the heavens may redeem an otherwise commonplace arrangement. But, all told, the exceptions are few. Among the few I may note George Clausen's impressions of London on a frosty morning. Probably no effect is more difficult, more elusive, and I cannot with truth say that Clausen has been entirely successful. He has seen how the London atmosphere can transform London ugliness into beauty, can give mystery and tenderness even to so prosaic a motive as the low grimy walls separating one little London garden from another as, looked down upon from a high window, they form a succession of rhythmical lines, one beyond the other, until the farthest fades into the mist; he has seen the dim splendor of the winter sun trying to break through this mist, in the effort tinging it with rose and gold and making a space of pale gold here and there on a homely roof; he has seen, too, the delicate pattern of the bare branches of the London trees silhouetted against the low sky. Any one who knows the loveliness of just such frosty mornings in London, and has watched the sun struggling through the thick atmosphere, can understand the impression Clausen has endeavored to put down on his canvas, and this power of understanding throws a glamour over the canvas. But his harmony is disturbed, as it never is in nature, by the little pin-points of frost glinting on walls and in gardens, and in one painting a discordant brown tree, rising straight and tall in the foreground, must be forgotten before the harmony is discovered.

The old Academic performances, archæological, mythological, historical, to which Leighton and Tadema and Long gave so great a vogue, have for the moment gone out of fashion. Even the old-fashioned subject picture is rare, though I have an idea the crowd will gather in front of Edgar Bundy's Finance, which represents a group of men, mostly Jewish in type and reeking of the City and the Stock Exchange, sitting over their cigars at an elaborately and richly decorated dining table. The attraction is not any special merit in the painting, for I could find none, except, in a lesser degree, the merit of the big Salon machine, it is rather, now that Marconi rumors and Marconi inquiries are always with us, the meaning each person in the crowd will read into the group—a meaning that has nothing to do with art. That such a picture should be noticed at all explains the curious lack of invention, the distressing inability of painters to find anything to say for themselves, characteristic of an Academy exhibition. The schools are turning out an army of men and women with a fair amount of technical knowledge and skill, but without an idea as to what use they are to make of it. It is pathetic, the way the achievements of the successful man are frankly imitated.

In the Sculpture Galleries I was impressed chiefly with the absence of Alfred Gilbert. The Academy should have made every effort to retain a member who added so greatly to its distinction. There is plenty of efficient work, but nothing very distinguished. I confess frankly that I do not know what little masterpieces may lie buried in the Water-Color Room, but to look for them on walls and screens plastered from top to bottom with small frames packed in as tight as they can fit, would be more hopeless than hunting for the proverbial needle in the haystack. Strang and Cameron and Short contribute to the Black-and-White Room, the chief end of which seems to be, however, as it ever has been since I have known the Academy, to give the least possible idea of what is actually doing in illustration, etching, lithography, and engraving. Some schemes in the Architectural Room are of public interest; for instance, Sir Aston Webb's design for the new façade to Buckingham Palace, and C. E. Mallows's plan for the improvement of South London. Nothing could be worse than the east front of the palace as it is, so that at least the proposed pseudo-classical façade will not mean the destruction of old beauty which was the price paid for the refashioning of the Mall. The plan for South London includes an Embankment on the south side of the Thames from Westminster to Blackfriars and further. But the old works and breweries and shot towers and chimneys that now border the riverside are not without their value in the London atmosphere, and hitherto London has owed whatever beauty it may have to chance rather than design.

N. N.

An interesting discovery is announced from Greece, where Lieut. Bakopulos, while carrying out military observations, remarked on the sea bottom, to the east of the Island of Lemnos, some ancient ruins which were perfectly visible and prove the existence of a town of about three miles in circumference. The exact spot is that marked on the British Admiralty charts under the name of the Pharos Bank, the depth being from five to twenty-five metres. Orders have been issued by the Ministry to carry out scientific researches on the spot.

The Egyptian collection of Prof. W. M. Flinders Petrie, which has been exhibited on loan for a number of years at University College, London, is now offered for sale to that institution for $29,925. The option to purchase the collection expires in June of this year, and if University College is not in a position by then to accept Professor Petrie's offer, it is possible that the collection may find a home elsewhere. The collection, though it contains few important specimens of the higher arts, is asserted to be the best teaching collection in England. It is especially strong in the branches of pottery, beads, and scarabs. It also contains a fine selection of prehistoric objects and an interesting series illustrative of the technical arts of ancient Egypt, such as glass-making, weaving, stone-working, metal-working, casting, building, etc. Among others may be mentioned an architect's drawings for a shrine, giving the elevation of the front and side. There is also a general collection of statuettes, stone-work, amulets, and textiles dating from various periods.

The interest which has of late been taken in Hittite research is again illustrated by a course of lectures on "The Hittites"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

given at the Royal Institution in London by Prof. J. Garstang, of the University of Liverpool. A general review of the researches made in Asia Minor and Syria during recent years was given, with special reference to the three excavations that have been recently made on Hittite sites—at Boghaz-Keui, in Central Asia Minor, by Dr. Winckler; at Carchemish, upon the Euphrates, by Mr. Hogarth and Mr. Woolley; and at Sakje-Geuzi, in North Syria, by Professor Garstang himself.

Sir Coutts Lindsay, artist and founder of the Grosvenor Gallery, died a week ago in London. He was born in 1824, the son of Lieut.-Gen. James Lindsay, and was a captain in the Grenadier Guards, 1846-50. He was a patron of the arts, and numbered among his friends the founders of an important art cult. It was this cult which was satirized in the Gilbert and Sullivan opera, "Patience." The Grosvenor Gallery lost much of its vogue when Burne-Jones ceased to exhibit there, sending his work instead to the New Gallery, in Regent Street.

Finance

CONJECTURES.

For most of the past week, the stock market, to whose upward or downward fluctuations the American business man has the habit of looking for a hint as to how events are moving, has absolutely ceased to move. On several of those days, hardly as many shares changed hands as are dealt in on a midsummer Saturday, or on the eve of the Fourth of July or Labor Day. In this negative expression of complete uncertainty, of belief in an even balance of good influences and bad, the Stock Exchange may be said to have expressed the feeling of the business community.

Yet even in that community itself, one must judge by averages. Wall Street is "bearish"; it talks gloomily, shakes its head over the "slow bond market," over Union Pacific's troubles with its Southern Pacific holdings, over the "tariff unsettlement," over "Rumely," over the gold exports to France. But what perplexes, and may almost be said to irritate, the speculative community, is the irrepressible optimism of the Western and Southern visitors at this market, who not only keep harping on the grain crop outlook and the railway traffic, but who persist in smiling incredulously at the gloomy diagnosis of Wall Street, and who, at the moment when all the evidence of evil has been carefully recited, answer by patting the narrator on the back and bidding him cheer up. It is quite within the possibilities that Wall Street is right and "the interior" wrong; but such mutual attitude at least makes it troublesome to feel sure.

From one point of view, the present position of affairs, in American finance in general and in the Stock Exchange in particular, might be described as a blockade of the machinery. Such lack of facilities might arise from the general public's refusal to buy securities on the usual scale at a given time. It might arise from the fact that banking institutions were already so well "loaned up" that people with plans of aggressive business expansion in their minds were obliged to cut down their requests for capital, even where circumstances of their trade would fully warrant the outlay.

In either case, the explanation of those conditions would go far towards clearing up the financial and industrial situation generally. In years like 1910 and 1906 and 1903, when somewhat similar conditions prevailed, the explanation was not difficult to find; it was found in the extravagant overdoing of a financial and industrial boom, particularly in the United States.

But it is precisely because that familiar explanation does not fit our present case at all, that the existing situation so greatly puzzles the most experienced observers. It is because it does fit Europe's case—especially when a period of prolonged expansion has coincided with such fear of war as has caused an almost unprecedented lock-up of cash and capital owned by private European citizens—that the general drift of opinion in America has been that the embarrassments in our own situation are directly caused by the state of affairs in Europe, and not by those at home. Even the gold export from New York to Paris, occurring at a time when gold was not normally moving out of the United States, owing to redundant currency or business stagnation or an adverse balance of foreign trade in merchandise, only serves to illustrate again the fact on which European economic critics have for months been laying stress—that this has been a season in which the New York market was in the strongest position of any market of the world, and in which it was therefore called upon to help out hard-pressed financial Europe.

But it is not always either comfortable or convenient to be required to give up money resources, which we could use at home, in order to get other money markets out of a present scrape. The result in such cases is apt to be that the stronger market is pulled down in proportion as the weaker market is raised up. At a given point, the market which is extending such continued help under these conditions may find its own condition troublesome. It also usually follows that any unpleasant event or possibility is regarded, under those conditions, with more attention than the agreeable incidents of the day.

It is not unnatural that, under such circumstances, the tariff should hold the centre of the stage. Whatever any one's economic views may be, the reduction in the duties is necessarily an experiment; the delay in deciding finally, just what the new rates are to be, is necessarily disconcerting to business plans. Furthermore, our people, who are subject to financial and business traditions as few other communities are, cannot be wholly blamed for thinking occasionally of the revision of 1894.

Yet, when this is said, the simplest and least experienced observer cannot have failed to notice that the underlying situation, as the trades confront the new tariff regulations, is altogether different and vastly more propitious for the experiment than at any other corresponding period in the life of the present generation. There will be inconveniences and difficulties. Some industries will probably have to change their general methods; it is not impossible that a few lines of trade will be curtailed, if not abandoned. But that this will occur on any really extensive scale is a probability by no means uppermost in the mind either of home producers or of their foreign competitors. Mr. Underwood's veiled threat to look into concerns which shut down needlessly was in some ways a trifle absurd, but it was also probably superfluous. Manufacturers might conceivably go out of business purely because of irritation that the tariff had been reduced. But if so, they would present some faint analogy with the legendary rich man who gave away all his property because of the pressure of the income tax.

Whether the financial community has before it also a Congressional season of extravagant agitation, eccentric legislative proposals, and excited oratory, is a question somewhat more undetermined than one might have supposed, a little while ago, that it would be at this time. The legislative sessions in the States have certainly suggested the presence of influences making for such commotion at the national capital, and yet the course of events to date has seemed to show that the unruly elements at Washington have been surprisingly well held in hand.

It is an interesting experiment, under interesting general circumstances. The course of political agitation has been known to take sudden and unexpected turns on past occasions of the sort, and sometimes the surprise has consisted in a quite unpredicted return to everyday common-sense. At any rate, the explosive fancies of excitable public men have had for a year the kind of vent which often relieves the pressure. The statesmen who, in the paraphrase of an ingenious wit, stand at Armageddon and battle for the Lord knows what, will sometimes take a rest from their own sheer exhaustion or the exhaustion of their audiences. But, of course all

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that remains for the not very distant future to determine.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Andrews, C. E. Richard Brome: A Study of his Life and Works. (Yale Studies.) Holt.
Bacheller, Irving. The Turning of Griggsby. Harper. $1 net.
Bascom, John. Sermons and Addresses; Things Learned by Living. Putnam.
Bellezza, P. Curiosità Dantesche. Milan: Ulrico Hoepli.
Blow, Susan, and others. The Kindergarten. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Brown, J. D. A British Library Itinerary. London: Grafton & Co.
Chester, G. R. Wallingford in His Prime. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1 net.
Costello, F. H. The Girl with Two Selves. Chicago: McClurg. $1 net.
Crane, E. G. The Necken: An Original Play in Two Acts. New York: The Author.
Curwood, J. O. Isobel. Harper. $1.25 net.
Dargan, Pegram. Alms for Oblivion. New Orleans: The Author.
d'Auvergne, E. B. Godoy: The Queen's Favorite. Boston: Badger.
Davis, C. B. In Another Moment. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.
Dykes, W. R. The Genus Iris. With forty-seven colored drawings by F. H. Round, one colored plate of seeds by R. M. Cardew, and thirty line drawings by C. W. Johnson. University of Chicago Press.
Embury, Aymar, II. The Dutch Colonial House. McBride, Nast. $2 net.
Everyman's Library, No. 616, Frankenstein, by M. W. Shelley; No. 629, Kalidasa: Translations of Shakuntala and Other Works, by A. W. Ryder. Dutton. 35 cents net. each.
Fowler, N. C., jr. How to Obtain Citizenship; The Knockers' Club; The Art of Letterwriting. Sully & Kleinteich. $1.50 net; $1 net; 50 cents net.
Fullerton, W. M. Problems of Power. Scribner. $2.25 net.
Griffith, A. M. M. The Stars and Their Stories. Holt. $1.25 net.
Harvard College Observatory. Annals, Vol. 72-5.
Holmes, Arthur. The Age of the Earth. Harper's Library of Living Thought. Harper.
Home University Library, Nos. 65, 66, 67. Holt. 50 cents net.
Honan, J. H. What Heart Patients Should Know and Do. Dodd, Mead. $1.20 net.
Hooper, C. E. Reclaiming the Old House. McBride, Nast. $2.50 net.
Hopkins, Alfred. Modern Farm Buildings. McBride, Nast. $3 net.
Howe, F. C. European Cities at Work. Scribner. $1.75 net.
Huneker, James. The Pathos of Distance. Scribner. $2 net.
Jewish Literature, Studies in. Issued in honor of Prof. Kaufmann Kohler. Berlin: Georg Reimer.
Lankester, Ray. Science from an Easy Chair. Second Series. Holt. $2 net.
Laurvik, J. N. Is it Art? Post-Impressionism, Futurism, Cubism. The International Press. 50 cents.
"Like English Gentlemen": To Peter Scott, from the Author of "Where's Master?" Doran.
Martin, E. C. Our Own Weather. Harper. $1.25 net.
Maunder, E. W. Are the Planets Inhabited? Harper's Library of Living Thought. Harper.
Meynell, A., and Chesterton, G. K. Samuel Johnson. Chicago: Browne & Co. 90 cents net.
Middleton, Richard. The Day before Yesterday; The Ghost Ship and Other Stories; Poems and Songs. 4 vols. Kennerley.
Monvel, R. B. de. Eminent English Men and Women in Paris, 1800-1850. Trans. by G. Herring. Scribner.
Neil, M. H. Candies and Bonbons and How to Make Them. Phila.: David McKay. $1 net.
Nethersole, S. C. Wilsam. Macmillan.
Ordway, E. B. The Etiquette of To-day. Sully & Kleinteich. 50 cents net.
Parker, Gilbert. Works. Vols. XI, XII, XIII, XIV. Scribner.
Pennsylvania Society Year-Book, 1913. New York.
Report of the U. S. Life-Saving Service for the Fiscal Year ended June 30, 1912. Washington: Gov. Ptg. Office.
Ritchie, Wallace. Advice to Violin Students. Scribner.
Roe, V. E. The Heart of the Night Wind. Dodd, Mead. $1.30 net.
Ross, E. H. The Reduction of Domestic Flies. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Ryan, M. E. Pagan Prayers. Chicago: McClurg. 60 cents net.
Ryan, M. E. The Woman of the Twilight. Chicago: McClurg. $1.35 net.
Saylor, H. H. The Book of Annuals. McBride, Nast. $1.20 net.
Sill, E. M. The Child, its Care, Diet, and Common Ills. Holt. $1 net.
Sinclair, Upton. Sylvia. Philadelphia: Winston. $1.20 net.
Smith, B. C. Elements of Latin. Boston: Heath.
Stage Guild Plays. Dust of the Road, by K. S. Goodman; Pageant for Independence Day, by K. S. Goodman and T. W. Stevens; Chaplet of Pan, by Wallace Rice and T. W. Stevens; Cæsar's Gods, Ryland, The Daimios Head and Others, by T. W. Stevens and K. S. Goodman. Chicago.
Tho, Man E. Womania. Yonkers, N. Y.: Hilton Pub. Co.
Thompson, T. E. Minimum Essentials: Sheets of Graded Questions in Arithmetic and Language. Boston: Ginn.
Underwood, J. J. Alaska: An Empire in the Making. Dodd, Mead. $2 net.
Verrill, A. H. Harper's Book for Young Naturalists. Harper. $1.50 net.
Warren, C. F. Little Topsy Thistle. Phila.: David McKay. 50 cents net.
Weed, C. M. Seeing Nature First. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $2 net.
Weeks, A. D. The Education of To-morrow. Sturgis & Walton. $1.25 net.
Wilson, Carl. The Economical European Guide. Phila.: David McKay. 25 cents net.

Just Ready

The Confessions of a Tenderfoot

By RALPH STOCK

With 50 illustrations from photographs by the author, $2.75 net.

A true and unvarnished account of the wanderings of a cultivated tenderfoot in the Canadian Northwest, the western lumber camps, San Francisco shortly after the earthquake, and the South Sea Islands.

Henry Holt & Co., 34 W. 33 St. New York

New Comedies

By LADY GREGORY

Author of "Irish Folk-History Plays," etc.

12mo. *With Photogravure Portraits.* $1.50 *net. By mail* $1.65.

The volume contains five plays—The Bogie Men, The Full Moon, Coats, Damer's Gold, and McDonough's Wife. The plays have been acted with great success by the Abbey Company and have been highly extolled by appreciative audiences and an enthusiastic press. They are distinguished by a humor of unchallenged originality.

New York G. P. Putnam's Sons London

The Price of Inefficiency

By FRANK KOESTER

This book lays bare national evils due to inefficiency, and largely responsible for the high cost of living, and suggests remedies. Comparisons with other countries give point to the criticism, which is constructive as well as destructive.

Octavo. $2.00 *net.*

The Education of To-morrow

By ARLAND D. WEEKS, M.A.

A vigorous overhauling of educational ideals to show what sort of curricula are best for an economic democracy. It contends for a closer relation between education and the life interests, if not the vocations, of the community. 12mo. $1.25 *net.*

STURGIS & WALTON CO.

31-33 East 27th Street, New York.

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY

All the new books and standard books; country-house boxes of selected books for summer reading

681 Fifth Ave., nr. 54th St.

Columbia University Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law

Vol. LIII. **THE CIVIL WAR AND RECONSTRUCTION IN FLORIDA**

By WILLIAM WATSON DAVIS, Ph.D., Assistant Professor, American History, University of Kansas; Sometime University Fellow in American History, Columbia University. 8vo. *Paper covers,* $4.00. *Cloth,* $4.50.

Vol. LIV, No 2. **THE SUPREME COURT AND UNCONSTITUTIONAL LEGISLATION**

By BLAINE FREE MOORE, Ph.D., Assistant Professor Political Science, George Washington University; Sometime Curtis Fellow in Columbia University. 8vo. *Paper covers,* $1.00.

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.

SAMPLE COPIES OF THE NATION

will be sent to any address for several weeks

WITHOUT CHARGE

ADDRESS

THE NATION

20 Vesey Street New York City

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED